



THE COOK'S STORY; OR, HOW THE PLUM PUDDING WAS MADE.

[EXPLANATORY OF THE ENGRAVING ON THE TITLE PAGE.]



O O K
S A L L Y
had a curious dream, the other day, whilst sitting in her chair in the kitchen: She says herself that it was not a dream, but a "vision," and that she was quite wide awake all the time. Of this you will be able to judge for yourself when you have heard her story, which is here, every thing just as she says

it happened.

Sally was sitting in her chair in the kitchen, wide awake and thoughtful, expecting her mistress to ring for her every minute, when she heard a strange noise in the pantry. She began to fancy what could cause the noise, but could not make it out, and at last she determined to go and see. She was just on the point of rising with this intention, when the door of the pantry suddenly opened, and a funny imp with a horse's head, rolled a beautiful little fire-escape over the floor—close up to her. Standing on one of the topmost bars of the fire-escape, was a handsome little fairy dressed like a guardsman: his cuirass shone splendidly in the light which the fire threw upon it, and the plumes of his helmet nodded gracefully as he gave airs to his little head. Of course Sally was very much alarmed at his strange appearance; so she stared at him and said "nothink," as she makes a point of never speaking to guardsmen! Her little visitor, however, knew his manners better than to follow her example. He kissed his little fingers at her, smiled sweetly upon her, and bowed till his plumes touched the top of the fire-escape. Having thus saluted her, he drew himself up and addressed her, saying that he was her slave, and that his slaves awaited her commands to have the plum pudding made. "Sir" said Sally, hardly knowing what she was about, "I am sure I am very much obliged to you!"—though to tell you the plain truth she wished him far enough. The guardsman then assured her that her commands would be immediately executed; and turning round, spoke out, in a curious little language of his own, as if he were issuing orders. He was scarcely done speaking, when there sallied into the kitchen, from the pantry, quite an army of little imps, such as no one (except Sally) ever saw. Some of them rolled in casks; some drew sacks of flour after them; some pushed fire-escapes before them, and some carried ladders. One company, all black and sooty, brought sacks of coals on their backs, and erecting a little crank, hoisted them by pulleys on to the fire; another company, all neat and clean, pumped up water into the pan which sat upon it. Several little Irishmen, whose dresses were quite comical, being covered with patches of many colours, brought in a beautiful piece of linen, which they got upon the dresser by means of a ladder. Having got it there, they pulled hard at its ends to stretch it, and remove the creases; and while doing this, spoke a great deal about "Oirland;" and Sally overheard one of them saying proudly, that "there never was no finer bit of cloth for a plum pudding come out of the ould country!" There were besides several little negroes in cotton shirts and trousers, with black crispy hair, and white shining teeth, who had rolled in a little cask. They turned it upon its end, close to the table, struck off the two upper hoops, and removed its head-boards. Then one of them got up upon it with a shovel, and filled the others' hods with sugar, which they carried over their shoulders up the ladder, and on to the dresser where they tumbled it on the cloth, that the Irishmen were stretching. The sugar no sooner fell upon the cloth, than there came funny little men-cooks, with paper hats on their heads, and hoes in their hands to spread it out to break the lumps.

While this was going on at one end of the dresser, the hilliputian millers, who had brought in the flour-bags, were very busy in front, hoisting the bags by means of rope tackle, up a ladder to men-cooks who received it and put it into the dish in which the pudding was to be made. All this time, Sally was "scared," as she says, by the number of odd creatures, that were hurrying about upon the floor. There were imps with cows' heads, carrying pails of milk, others with hens' heads, carrying eggs; some with dog-heads licking the dishes clean! On the table, close by her, (she says she could touch them with her hand) were imps with ox-heads, chopping up the suet, while some with birds' heads were busily picking the raisins from the stalks close to her feet! and others carried them in dishes up a fire-escape which was placed against the table and tumbled them into the flour. The most amusing imp of all, however, was on the further corner of the dresser—a cook with a hen-head, busily beating up the eggs in a saucer! By the way, I was going to forget one hearty little imp, sailor Jacky, who seemed to have nothing to do but to amuse himself. It was indeed, as Sally says, some time before she herself noticed him under the dresser, where he kept dancing a hornpipe, with wide white trousers on, a full breasted striped shirt with a rolling collar, and a loose black neckerchief, the end of which flew about as he danced. His jacket was blue, with brass buttons; he had no waistcoat on; his hair was jet black, flying in ringlets; his eyes were glancing, fingers snapping, and his curls, his neckerchief and the ribbons of his white straw hat kept flying about in all directions, as he hopped about to his own hearty whistling.

The imps were all so busy at their work, they took not the least notice of Sally; but I fear she didn't mind that much, so agreeable did the polite little Guardsman succeed in making himself to her. When her first surprise had subsided, he drew off her attention from his workmen, the imps, and launched into poetical praises of plum-pudding. That which he had the happiness and honour of making for her would, he said, be so very nice and light that it would hurt no one, how much so-ever he took of it. Speaking further on this subject, he asks her whether she would like to see the places from which he had got the materials for that which his men (the imps) were now making? She had scarcely given her assent to the proposed exhibition when, as if it were in a dream, she saw a beautiful field of standing corn, and reapers hard at work with their coats off, their neckerchiefs tied round their waists, and their shirt-sleeves tucked up above their elbows. She saw the corn bound in sheaves, and set

up in stacks, and the farmer's house in the distance among trees; and from this field, her polite companion told her, the grain came. He next brought her to a strange scene,—an avenue leading up to a fine mansion, and flanked on either side by fields covered with the tall stalks of the sugar plant. The mansion, he told her, belonged to a very fine gentleman, whose slaves the poor negroes were who worked so hard under that hot sky to make him rich, and to get sugar for the plum pudding. She was then brought to a hill, on the top of which stood a windmill, whose pretty white sails played round and round in the sunshine as if they enjoyed it. He told her that the wind had worked for the plum-pudding, and showed her the rooks that it blew about while it did so, and the trees that it shook and drew music from. He also showed her the flour bags arranged in the cart, and the dusty miller whipping up the horse that was to carry it to town for the plum-pudding. The scene again changed. This time she was brought to a land where she would fain have stayed, the air was so delicious and balmy, and the sky above her so soft and blue. The grapes hung in beautiful clusters from the vines that clung to the walls; they tempted her to taste them as she passed along; far away in front she could see a beautiful bay, on which was a boat with sails like frosted silver. But her companion would not let her attention rest on these; he pointed out to her a man standing upon a ladder, who plucked the grapes and threw them into a basket which a little girl held up to receive them; and another on the ground who carried the grapes away to be dried. This, he told her, was a vine country, and these were the people who had prepared the raisins for the plum-pudding. Once again she was led back to old England, and looked on a farm-yard, where many hens and cocks were pecking for grain. One fine cock, with a beautiful comb, and long, sharp spurs, strutted about the yard like a prince. She saw there, as well, a little dirty pig snout the mud, and a fine cow in a corner, looking very kind and wise; she saw the farm-house and the dairy close at hand, and a pretty little church, with a slender spire, standing away in the distance. From this place, he told her, had come milk, and eggs, and suet for the plum-pudding.

And now her singular conductor carried her away from the land altogether, away through mists and fogs, and over surfs and surges, far, far out to sea, where she saw a ship under full sail, which he told her was the "Homeward Bound," hurrying with sugar, and lemons, and citrons, and nutmegs, and all sorts of spices for the plum-pudding. Aboard of this ship she saw one that put her in mind of sailor Jacky, dancing the hornpipe under the dresser. He was there sure enough, hauling a rope and singing a song, so she now understood why he did no work in the kitchen while the other imps were so busy. But here comes the most strange part of the story, considering that Sally denies that she was asleep; she saw herself at the counter in CLARKE'S, the baker's, ordering flour, and the saucy young baker's boy, who brings round the loaves, leaning at her; so, she saw herself at NEW'S, the grocer's, buying all kinds of spices which the ship had brought.

And then the spices seemed to her to be but young and growing, and before her eyes was a jumble of everything her companion had shown her or told her about. She saw lemons, nutmegs, citrons, oranges, wheat, mistletoe, apples, and holly, all growing out of the same trees, and so fondly arranged she couldn't make them out. And among them, all in the trees and flowers, there were growing bottles, and glasses, and spoons, and eggs, and milk-pails: it was quite puzzling to her. She saw her master and mistress wakening up in curious flower-beds, on opposite sides of a plum-pudding; her mistress, remembering it was plum-pudding day, rung the bell violently for her; her master yawned, like a lazy man, and went to sleep again. In another place she saw her master pulling out his watch, wondering when dinner would be on the table, and her mistress bringing the bellows to blow the fire, lest it should not be ready in time; again she saw them in their dressing-rooms, preparing for the party. At last she saw the party itself in the parlour, all sitting happily round the table, her mistress helping the plum-pudding, and her master eating it; Freddy looking quite merry, and Chrisy wanting a third help, and mistress shaking her head at Chrisy, and herself telling mistress that the pudding was so nice and light it would hurt nobody, and not saying who told her so. When it came back to the kitchen she had a large help of it herself, and she thought (how curious all this in a dream) that it was quite delicious; and then she saw her master looking very ill, and her mistress looking at the medicine bottle to see if there was enough for him; and what was so strange, all this seemed to be going on among the mistletoe, lemons, nutmegs, wheat, holly, oranges, and citrons.

At last, Sally says, she went to bed, quite pleased with the way the day had passed. Of course she made up her curls, and put on her nightcap, and drew up the blinds to admit the gas and moonlight before she got in, all cozy; and then she put the extinguisher on her candle, which rested on the table close to her pillow. She was thinking over the curious way in which the pudding had been made, and wondering what her mistress would say if she knew of it, when she heard a strange noise on the floor, as if people were walking about on it, and rolling things on wheels upon the carpets. Sally was, as you think, a little frightened at this, and turned her eyes sideways, without moving, to try if she could see what was going on. By-and-by the wheels were rolling close by, and to her great surprise there appeared the little guardsman, of whom she had lost sight among the trees, and fruits, and spices. He came upon his fire-escape right over the bed, with his drawn sword in his hand, the blade of which was dripping with black-draughts and covered with pill-dust. He told her not to be afraid, and behaved as politely as in the morning, only Sally thought he sneered when he told her that the pudding was so light and nice it wouldn't hurt her. Then there was such a clatter, Sally never heard the like: so she lay upon the pillow and looked on the floor, and there she saw all the imps of the morning making mischief. There appeared such an array of pill-boxes and black-draught bottles against the walls, that she felt the bed, to make sure that she had not lain down by mistake in a druggist's shop. Imps with elephant's heads were pumping water out of a fire-engine on to the pills; the little blackies were breaking the black-draught bottles with their hods and shovels; the Irishmen were whooping furiously, and a farmer with a pitchfork was digging into the pill-boxes from the top of a fire-escape, while some of the bottles were bursting their corks, and pouring themselves out upon the imps, and the pills lay about like peas on a barn-floor. The noise of these mischievous imps was kept up at night, and even if she could go asleep in spite of that, the polite little guardsman continued till it was broad daylight, telling her, over and over, how nice and light the pudding was, and how it could hurt no-one.

CHARADE No. I.

My first is found wherever MAN is found
On earth, in air, or water—underground;
King, Lord, and Peasant should be held accurst,
Unless he knows himself to be my first;
And bless'd is he whose happy lot shall find
Each friend my second, which must e'er be kind.
Unite my parts, and then at once you'll see,
Without my whole nor you nor I could be.

CHARADE No. II.

My first is oft in Chancery! Luckless brute!
My second also is a Chancery suit;
My whole would make a Chancery lawyer glad,
To have as many suits as I have had.

PRIVATE THEATRICALS



RE now so generally encouraged both in Town and Country at this season of the year that we have written the following dramatic sketch, especially for home consumption, believing that its development will not require any very extraordinary histrionic ability. The back drawing-room will furnish the stage, the piano supply the orchestra, and any good-natured friend will officiate as the musician. We have made the gentleman of the piece an Irishman, as a brogue frequently assists "a part," and very little ingenuity is required to convert him into an Englishman, should such a change be considered desirable. The songs may be omitted, or others substituted for those in the drama.

A PLEASANT HOUR.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

MADEMOISELLE MADELINE LA FLOUCE, AND TERENCE DERMODY.

The Room represents the Interior of a temporary Railway Station. On the wall a large printed bill—"Temporary Station of the Dooborough and London Junction,"—a fireplace, and a door at the side.

Enter MADELINE, followed by Porter bearing a trunk, bonnet-box, birdcage, &c.

Made. (She speaks with a slight French accent.) The train to London, you say, will be here in ten minutes?

Porter. Yes ma'am, up train in ten minutes. [Exit Porter.]

Made. I need not have hurried away without my breakfast—*mais n'importe*. I shall enjoy my dinner the more when I get to London. What a time it is since I saw my cousin Clara. She was then a child, and now she is married and occupies one of the best houses in the Strand. With the money I have saved in the service of Lady Bouverie, I am about to purchase a share of Clara's business. How odd it will be to see my name in large gilt letters over a shop door—"Mesdames Crinolin," that's Clara's name; and "La Flounce," that's mine. I wonder whether I shall ever change it. I am two years older than Clara, and yet I never had a lover. Dear me, what nonsense I am thinking about.

Dermody. (within.) Where's the waitin' room, my friend. O, that is it (entering) is it? I'd have tuk it for an overgrown sentry-box, if you hadn't a tould me.

(Enter Porter with DERMODY'S bag.)

(Reads.) The Trumpery Station of—

Porter. Temporary Station—Temporary!

Derm. If it's all one to you, I like my own reading best. (Reads.) The Trumpery Station of the London and Dooborough Junction.

Made. An Irishman. I dislike Irishmen, they are so very presuming.

Derm. Now please tell me, what time is the down train expected?

Porter. The down train, sir?

Derm. Yes, the down train to Liverpool.

Porter. In about ten minutes. [Exit.]

Derm. Ten minutes! and that fly-man tould me I hadn't a second to spare. I've left the sweetest pig's cheek untasted on the breakfast table! No matter, my good brother Larry's larder will reward me for my sufferings. Only to think that we two Dermody's who left Ireland ten years ago, with nothing but our mother's blessing, should be what we are. Larry's an eminent market-gardener and dealer in coals, and I am an independent gentleman with £50 a year, paid quarterly, a legacy from my dear old master, Colonel Pepperly, £50 a year for ever, provided I don't marry a (with contempt) Frenchwoman.

Made. (To her bird) Ma petite! Ma petite!

Derm. St. Anthony defend me, there is one! Ugly of course, or she'd never wear that blue waggon-tilt over her face. She looks a good figure, but we live in an artificial age, and there's no trusting to appearances.

Made. Ma petite. You shall go to London, you shall, my pretty bird.

Derm. I don't wonder at the Captain's dislike, they talk such gibberish that you can never understand what they say. Sure he hated them mightily, and so do I, as much as an Irishman can hate a petticoat; but I've fifty good reasons paid quarterly for my prejudice. (Whistle heard.) Hallo, there's the train (goes to door.) Is that the down train?

Porter. No.

Made. Then it's the up.

[Gathering her luggage together.]

Derm. Why, there's only an engine. Pray, ma'am, are you going to ride with the stoker?

Made. No, sir.

Derm. (To Porter.) Where are the carriages? What? Here's a pretty shindy, ma'am.

Made. A shindy. What is that?

Derm. Oh, I forgot, you can't speak English. Why, the embankment, do you understand that, ma'am?

Made. O, yes.

Derm. Well, the embankment's gone to smithereens.

Made. Smithereens. That I do not understand.

Derm. (Aside.) Poor benighted creature. The embankment given way, and no train up nor down can pass for an hour at least.

Made. That's unfortunate, but we must be patient, that's all.

Derm. (Aside.) Patient, with a breakfast overdue, and shut up with an ugly old Frenchwoman in a blue mask.

[Stands at the open door.]

Made. It's very cold, I wish that gentleman would shut the door. Derm. (Leaves the door open.) I never could bear confinement in my life, and what I'm to do here, shut up for an hour, I don't know.

(MADELINE closes the door.)

I suppose like a bear in a menagerie, I must polish my nose against the bars of the window by way of amusement (Goes to window). Hallo! (Opens window.) Is that a newspaper you have? Voice. No it beant. It's nothing for you.

* The music is published by JULLIEN & Co., Regent Street.

Derm. (Leaves window open.) That's what they call manners in these parts.

Made. What an inconsiderate personage.

(Shuts window and removes her sun-shade.)

Derm. What will I do to amuse myself? I'll try a cigar; perhaps madam there may not object. I presume you don't smoke, ma'am?

Made. No, sir. I should have thought that question would have been unnecessary.

Derm. (Not looking at her.) No offence, I hope, ma'am, but some elderly ladies of my nation, are rather partial to a dudder.

(Taking out his case.)

Made. Elderly ladies! (Aside.) Is the fellow blind as well as rude?

Derm. May be you don't object to my doing so, ma'am?

Made. O, sir, I have no right to control your enjoyments. Possibly my closing the door and the window may have been disagreeable to you, as you seemed to wish them open, therefore—

Derm. (Aside.) Very pretty—for a Frenchwoman. (Aloud.) And was I the ill-mannered man to leave them open. (Aside.) She can't have got those eyes from the milliner's. (Aloud.) Will you forgive me? (Aside.) Those cheeks were never bought ready made.

Made. How rudely he stares.

Derm. I see your good-nature wouldn't put my pipe out; but I'm not so fond of myself that I'd disregard the convenience of another. (Aside.) Puts up case. I wonder if she is French.

Made. I am much obliged for your consideration, for I really have a great objection to the odour of cigars.

Derm. And yet you wouldn't say so. (Aside.) She calls it "odour" too, as tho' she fancied that I'd be hurt if she called it a smell.

Made. He's not such a bear as I imagined, but I must be careful, he's an Irishman.

Derm. I'd like to talk to her, because she speaks French that a Christian can understand, but my tongue seems to fail me of a sudden. I can't tell her it's a wet day, because she knows it is otherwise. The state of the weather's a good bit of leading information to open a conversation with. I'll ask after the health of her canary. Pray, ma'am, is that a canary?

Made. Yes, sir, a great favourite.

Derm. I'm mighty fond of canaries myself.

Made. Indeed, sir!

Derm. My mother had a canary, and so had my sister; and I'd three cousins in Connaught that kept them too. In fact, ours is quite a canary family.

Made. Really, sir.

Derm. (Aside.) She's like the Maze at Hampton Court—she's nothing but stops. I've exhausted the canary subject. I'll have another shot. Pray are you going down, ma'am?

Made. No, sir, I am going up.

Derm. Oh, up!

Made. Yes, sir, up!

Derm. What, up to—

Made. Yes, sir, up to—exactly.

Derm. Exactly. I don't know that place on the line. It's clear she prefers solitude, and society has no charms for her. I'm getting mighty cowl'd, and that fire seems to have an aisy place of it, for it goes out when it likes. Ah! She was taking a squint at me under the eaves of her bonnet. Those Frenchwomen know how to use their eyes. She's flustered. I'll ask for some more coals, and, may be, she'll warm up into something yet. (Goes to the door.) Hi, Porter! We want some more coals here.

Porter. I can't get 'em. I'm busy with a signal. There's plenty at the end of the shed.

Derm. Do you hear that, ma'am? It's lucky I'm not a nobleman, or, may be, I'd be above getting coals for myself; but that's a privilege I've enjoyed ever since I was foot-boy to Dr. O'Flaherty. Here, where are they? [Exit.]

Made. Really, he's not a bad fellow after all. Like myself, he seems disposed to make the best of his bad bargain, and I have always thought it better to have a merry heart than a sad one.

SONG.

Bright things are ever beautiful,
The stars which tend the moon,
The flowers which seem too bright to cull,
For then they fade so soon.
The streamlets sparkling as they run,
How bright and glad they seem,
As though they'd captive made the sun
And bound him in each stream.
Bright things, &c.

Then as I love the stars of Heaven,
The flowers of the earth,
The beauty to the streamlet given,
I prize a blameless mirth.
I would not wear a look of woe
Unless my heart's oppress;
Smiles! Smiles for me whenever they show
The truth within the breast.
Bright things, &c.

Enter DERMODY with a few very small coals in a shovel.

Derm. There, ma'am! Are you a judge of small coal?

Made. I can't say that I am, sir.

Derm. If you was, you'd admire my perseverance. You'd have fancied I'd been in California, hunting for gold dust instead of black diamonds in a coal-hole. There's the result of my labours at the Trumpery Station of the Dooborough Junction. [Goes to fire.]

Made. I am sure I ought to be obliged to you for taking so much trouble.

Enter Porter, he goes to a corner and takes down umbrella.

Derm. Hallo! Are we going to lose the pleasure of your company?

Porter. Yes, sir. The train won't be here for some time, so I'm going home to dinner.

Derm. (Detains him.) Hist, a word with you. Would it materially interfere with your domestic arrangements, if you take a couple of friends home with you?

Porter. Rather. I don't keep a Refreshment Room. I'm only a porter. [Exit.]

Derm. And not a good fellowship porter, either. I wish he hadn't mentioned that word dinner.

Made. Indeed. Why, sir?

Derm. Because it reminds me of an absent friend. Ha, ma'am! I'm a man that has neglected his opportunities.

Made. Indeed. I am very sorry to hear that, tho' it's not a common fault, I believe, with your countrymen.

Derm. Indeed it's not; but this morning I neglected the opportunity of getting my breakfast.

Made. I'm sorry to say that I am in the same predicament. Fearing to lose the train—

Derm. You lost your breakfast, my case also.

Made. I am, however, not altogether without the means of retrieving my misfortunes. I have a small packet of sandwiches, which are equally at your service.

Derm. This generosity overpowers me. [Seizing her hand.]

Made. O sir, you are too grateful. [Withdrawing her hand.]

Derm. Not in the least; and to prove it, I'm ready to make a sacrifice, which none but an Irishman can appreciate. [Gets his bag.]

Made. Pray, sir, explain yourself.

Derm. (Kneels and opens bag.) That's what I'm about to do. In this Kidderminster receptacle—which some benevolent creature invented for the good of man—are two remarkable productions of

nature, which I had intended as a present to my brother Larry Dermody, Market Gardener and Coal Dealer. Don't be alarmed, ma'am.

Made. I'm not. I'm only anxious to know your meaning.

Derm. They might have been the parents of a numerous progeny that would have filled everybody's mouth with the name of Dermody, for they were destined to bear that hitherto unillustrious patronymic.

Made. I can only listen, sir.

Derm. That's all I ask you to do. I am now about to sacrifice my dreams of fame on the altar of—on the altar of—I don't think there was a god or goddess of hunger; but it's that I mean, and there are two (one in each hand) of the finest seedling potatoes that ever blessed the eyes of man.

Made. I appreciate your sacrifice; but pray do not make it on my account.

Derm. Don't try to alter my resolution; my only regret is that they can't be boiled—a pound of flour in each of them—as it is, we must roast them; and proud they'll be to be offered to such a divinity as yourself, ma'am.

Made. Divinity! What, am I to be the goddess of hunger? Rather an equivocal compliment.

Derm. (Arranging potatoes at five-plate.) Ah! that's my misfortune, ma'am. I'm a bad hand at compliments. I never open my mouth but I put my foot in it. I don't know why, ma'am, but I'd like to stand well in your good opinion.

Made. (Aside.) I hope he's not going to make love to me.

Derm. You see I didn't like you at first, because you were a Frenchwoman.

Made. And I didn't like you, because you were an Irishman.

Derm. But I've changed my opinion mightily, have you?

Made. Why, I suppose I must say, yes.

Derm. It makes the old story good. You can't tell what anybody is till you know what they are, can you?

Made. Certainly not. (Aside.) This is getting embarrassing.

Derm. It's like Aileen McCan and the little brown man.

(Takes her hand.)

Made. (Withdrawing it.) Aileen McCan. Who was she?

Derm. Oh, it's an old song my mother used to sing to me. If you'd like to hear it while the dinner's getting itself ready there, I'll sing it to you.

Made. Pray do. (Aside.) Anything to get rid of his attentions.

SONG.—DERMODY.

With snowy May-blossoms one bright summer's morning,
Young Aileen McCan was her brown hair adorning,
Her cheek was as fair as the buds she was wreathing,
The blossoms less sweet than her own balmy breathing.
Aileen's glass was the stream
Through the valley which ran,
And lo! there on the bank,
Stood a little dark man.

When she saw him she started, small blame to the maiden,
For his back with a mountain appeared to be laden,
His raven-black hair in long elf-locks down flowing,
And his small jetty eyes like two fires were glowing;
"O mavourneen," he said,
But away Aileen ran,
And she heard a deep sigh
From the little dark man.

Aileen's father took ill, and to add to their sorrow,
Their cow, *Ullaloo!* was dead on the morrow;
The winter was near and their wealth all departed,
And Aileen *Machree*, was almost broken-hearted.
But the night brings the morn,
Thought poor Aileen McCan,
And lo! at the door
Stood the little dark man.

O why came he there, for it was not to woo her,
He knew he was scorned, but his heart was true to her;
True love knows no anger, and his though 'twas slighted,
By the kind word and deed all his coldness requited;
"Who so kind? Who so true?"
Sighed young Aileen McCan,
That thought made her the bride
Of the little dark man.

Derm. So you see there's a precedent for altering your mind if you wish to do it.

Made. Oh, yes, I dare say that. I think I'll look at the sacrifice on the hob, I mean the star which you have dedicated to me.

Derm. Do, darling. (Madeline looks round.) (Aside.) That's a straw to see how the wind blows. Whilst you're busy with the hopes of the Dermody's, I'll be laying the table for dinner, (brings down MADLINE'S bonnet-box,) here's the dining-table, (takes a clean pocket-handkerchief from his bag,) and there's a table-cloth—now do you like that ma'am?

Made. And stay, I have a small knife and fork and spoon, the gift of my god-mother (goes to her what-not). I had nearly left them behind. [Gives case.]

Derm. Well, I didn't expect to be supplied with plate in a hurry. (Draws down trunk.) There's one seat and there's another. [Places carpet-bag.]

Made. And there are the sandwiches, ready dished up in paper.

Derm. Beautiful!

Made. I think, sir, the potatoes had better form the second course.

Derm. If you please, ma'am, tho' what say you, as they are called Irish fruit, to making them the dessert?

Made. I'm quite agreeable.

Derm. That I'm sure you are. (Feels first in one pocket, then in the other.) O bother, what have I done with it?

Made. What's the matter, sir?

Derm. Faith, I can't find out which pocket is the wine cellar. I've a small flask—oh, here it is! (produces a wicker flask with a cup-bottom) a drop of the most particular East Ingy Madeiry, a small token of regard from my old friend the butler. If it hadn't been for that deceiver of a fly-driver it would have been a bottle, but the butler has an asthma and he couldn't get up and down the cellar-stairs in a hurry. [Places cup and flask on the bonnet-box.]

Made. Dear me, quite a banquet, I declare. (Aside.) How foolish it is to have prejudices! I never will dislike an Irishman again.

Derm. (having arranged everything.) Now, madam, will you allow me the honour of conducting you to the trunk or the carpet-bag?

Made. Oh, the trunk if you please. I'll leave the ottoman to you.

Derm. Thank you, ma'am. (Aside.) I wonder whether she couldn't be naturalized to the country and made an Englishwoman. Will you do me the honour to carve?

Made. With pleasure. Will you take a square or a triangle?

Derm. I have no choice, ma'am, but to remove every difficulty I'll take both. (Madeline helps him.) 'Pon my word I don't think I ever tasted a finer sandwich.

Made. Nor I. I presume because we are disposed to be pleased that we are so.

Derm. I suppose so. Will you allow me to take wine with you, ma'am?

Made. Thank you.

DERMODY fills the cup.

Derm. Here's your very good health, ma'am. (They bow—DERMODY drinks from the flask.) I wish there was another dozen in the cellar.

Made. Will you oblige me by stepping to the kitchen? I think the sacrifice is burning.

Derm. Beautiful. They're done to a turn. (Brings potatoes.) Scaldings! they're as hot as love. The knife, if you please, ma'am. (Cuts open a potatoe.) There's a beauty in a brown skin.

Made. Now, will you allow me to ask you a question?

Derm. Will I not?

Made. Well then, how did you acquire your prejudice against Frenchwomen?

Derm. How did I acquire my prejudice? It was left me in a will.

Made. Left you in a will. A strange sort of legacy.

Derm. With fifty pounds a year to support it. My late master was Captain Pepperly, a sea-captain.

Made. Have you been a sailor?

Derm. (shakes his head) Don't mention it, ma'am. The ocean and I are on mighty bad terms. Whenever we meet one of us always disagrees with the other, and it's not the sea, ma'am, that has the worst of it.

Made. But I interrupt you. What was the Captain's reason?

Derm. His reason—the Captain, you must know, was one of those who don't trouble themselves much about reasons, but his own account was this. He had quitted the service on half-pay and a wooden leg, which was a very equitable arrangement, because he could stand at only half the expense of a man who had two legs to provide for.

Made. I don't see that exactly.

Derm. Neither do I, but the Captain did. Now the Captain was subject to the gout, and whenever he had it he always ordered a new wooden leg, in case the old one should catch the complaint.

Made. O, impossible!

Derm. So I thought, but the Captain didn't. Now, he'd a scape-grace of a nephew that was the plague of his life, and once when the gout had got the old gentleman fast by the foot, his nephew sent him a French dancing-master to teach him the sailor's hornpipe. You may guess that the gout's not the thing for the double shuffle, so the Captain took to hating the French; and those are the only reasons I could discover, or the Captain either.

Made. Half the prejudices in the world have no better foundation. And so for fifty pounds a year you are content to inherit your master's antipathy?

Derm. Why, you're the first Frenchwoman I could ever understand, that's the truth on't.

Made. Really the fellow's good-humour quite interests me. Heigho, I hope I'm not going to be foolish, and concern myself for one who can care nothing for me.

Derm. But you can't be French, or if you are, what's fifty pounds a year to the like of you. Only say that—

Made. Nothing now; our acquaintance is of too short a date to warrant any protestations.

Enter PORTER.

Porter. The trains will be here in five minutes.

Made. So soon!

Derm. Ah, I see, you've not the heart to bid me despair. Burn the dirty legacy. I'll trust to a willing hand and a strong heart if you'll only say the word.

Made. You will?

Derm. I will.

Made. Then suppose I am not a Frenchwoman. Suppose I was born in England, but reared in France.

Derm. Why, then you shall have a marriage settlement of fifty pounds a year besides as honest a lad as you'll find out of old Ireland. (Train.) There's the train.

Porter (Enters) Now sir, are you going down? [Exit.]

Derm. It's you to say the word.

Made. Why as we have spent (I hope) "A PLEASANT HOUR" together,

Derm. I trust no adverse fortune will ever separate us.

DUETT.

Two mountain hills which flowed apart,
Mingled at last, no more to sever;
And thus, uniting heart with heart,
Our love, our hopes, are one for ever.

THE FIRST CHRISTMAS MORNING.

Nor to those in soft apparel,
Was the Saviour first made known;
Not to noble, or to high-born,
Or to courtiers round a throne;
Not to kings, or mighty monarchs,
Was the King of Kings reveal'd,
But to poor and lonely shepherds
In the lonely pasture field.

It was towards the dawn of morning,
Ere the earliest streak of light,
And those lowly men were watching
Thro' the watches of the night:
Warm and white the flocks were lying,
Guarded by the shepherd band;
And the night hung like a curtain
O'er that old Judean land.

Blazing brightly in the darkness,
As they lay upon the sward,
A glory shone around them
Like the glory of the Lord;
And a wing'd and radiant Angel
With a halo round his head,
Stood among the startled shepherds
Bow'd and aw'd with holy dread.

Spake the Angel: "Lo! to all men
Joyful tidings now I bring:
For to you, in David's city,
This day is born a King—
The Christ, the Lord, the Saviour!—
On this sign shall meet your eyes,
The Babe, enwrap'd in swaddling clothes,
Within a manger lies."

On a sudden, with the Angel
Were shining spirit throngs,
And they woke the sleeping echoes
With their joyous carol-songs:—
"To God on high, be glory!
Good-will and peace on earth!"
And in awe the shepherds listen'd
To the Angels' sacred mirth.

Then they rose, nor fear'd, nor trembled,
And to David's city sped;
And they found their Infant Saviour,
Lying as the Angel said.
His palace was a stable,
And a manger was his throne;
And to lowly shepherd courtiers
Was the King of Heav'n made known.

Oh! that we too, like the shepherds,
Might trust the Angel's word,
And, in that cradled Infant,
Behold our Christ and Lord;
Then should we, too, like the shepherds,
Praise God for all these things;
And, in His uncrown'd manhood,
Behold the King of Kings.

CUTHBERT BEDE, B.A.

PAUL GERRETZ REMBRANDT,

COMMONLY CALLED REMBRANDT VAN RYN, OR RHYN,

Was the son of Herman Gerretz, a miller. He was born in 1606, in his father's mill, on the banks of the Rhine, near Leyden, whence the agnomen Van Ryn. When very young he was sent to a Latin school at Leyden, but he showed such a distaste for learning, that his father gave up the idea of making a scholar of him, and consented to his becoming a painter, as he had manifested a decided talent for it. Young Rembrandt was accordingly placed first with Jacob van Zwaanenburgh, or, according to another account, George Schooten. He remained with his first master about three years. He then studied for a short time under Peter Lastmann, at Amsterdam, and lastly, for a short time, under Jacob Pinas. From these masters Rembrandt could have learnt nothing more than the mere mechanical part of his art, for both his taste and his style were peculiarly his own. After leaving Pinas, he returned to his father's mill, where he commenced painting, taking the immediate vicinity and the peasants of the neighbourhood as his standard of nature, and applying himself enthusiastically to his work. He had not finished many pieces before he was considered as a prodigy by his friends, and he was persuaded by them to take one of these early productions to a dealer, in the Hague, who, to his no greater joy than astonishment, gave him 100 florins (about eight guineas) for his performance. Rembrandt was so elated with his unexpected good fortune, that he posted home to his father in a chariot to convey the joyful intelligence. From this time he rapidly acquired both fame and fortune. In 1630 he settled in Amsterdam, where he resided the remainder of his life, and shortly afterwards married a handsome peasant-girl of Ramsdorf, whose portrait he has often painted. His reputation now became so great that he had many scholars, each of whom paid him annually 100 florins, and he so arranged their studies as to make them as profitable as possible to himself; he retouched the copies which they made from his own works, and sold them as originals.

The burgomaster Six was the only man of rank with whom Rembrandt associated, and with him he occasionally passed a few days in his house in the vicinity of Amsterdam, in which the burgomaster had fitted up a painting-room for him. The history of the celebrated print, the landscape *De la Moutarde*, which was etched in this house, is curious. Rembrandt could not relish his boiled beef without mustard, but it happened upon one occasion that there was none in the house; and the burgomaster desirous of pleasing his guest, immediately sent off one of his servants in haste to the city to procure some. Rembrandt, observing that he was rather a phlegmatic-looking person, offered to bet that he would make an etching before the man returned. The wager was immediately accepted, and Rembrandt forthwith, having taken a prepared plate, commenced to etch the landscape from the burgomaster's window, comprising a view of Amsterdam, which he finished in his happiest style with that vigour and lightness of touch peculiar to him, just before the servant arrived with the mustard; hence it was called the landscape *De la Moutarde*. Although it is little more than a mere foreground, an original impression from this plate is worth from thirty to forty guineas.

Rembrandt's best etchings realise prices, both the portraits and the historical pieces, varying from thirty to a hundred guineas. The most remarkable portraits are those of the burgomaster Six; Van Coppenol, the writing-master; Van Thol, the advocate; Uytenbogaert, the minister, and Uytenbogaert, the gold-weigher.

Rembrandt is supposed to have acquired his peculiar taste for a brilliant concentration of light from an appearance that he had been familiar with from his infancy in his father's mill, where a strong beam of light coming from a small and lofty aperture cast on the surrounding objects that peculiar tone which we see so happily illustrated in his pictures. He arranged the light in his own painting room upon similar principles, and generally fixed a drapery behind his sitter of such colour as he intended to paint the ground.

Rembrandt's taste led him to imitate certain effects of nature, and in the truth and power which he gave these effects, both in his paintings and his etchings, he has seldom been equalled, and never surpassed. The prevailing light of his portraits is that of a brilliant sunset, and a rich golden tone of colouring pervades all his works. His originality is perhaps still more conspicuous in his etchings than in his paintings; he exhibited powers of the etching-needle before unknown; many of his plates are prodigies of chiaroscuro; and there is a softness and reality about them which we look for in vain in the works of other masters. It is said that he made a great secret of his mode of etching, and never allowed any one to see him at work. Most of his more important plates have evident traces of the dry point.

Rembrandt, at the beginning of his career, bestowed great labour on his pictures, and, in the manner of the generality of the Dutch painters, wrought them up to a very high finish. The *Woman taken in Adultery*, in the National Gallery, is probably his best picture in this style. At a later period of life his whole attention was given to the effect, and his pictures, although still greatly laboured, had the appearance of having been executed with a remarkable freedom and boldness of touch; this is particularly the case with his portraits, some of which have an astonishing body of colour in the lights. When this roughness was objected to by any one, he was in the habit of saying that he was a painter, not a dyer; and when visitors

ventured to examine his pictures too closely, he used to tell them that the smell of paint was unwholesome.

From this time (1630) says Houbraken, he began to distinguish himself, for the picture he completed in 1632, and which was placed in the Anatomical Theatre of the College of Surgeons, proved what he was able to produce. This *chef-d'œuvre* represents Professor Nicholas Tulp giving an anatomical lecture on a body, which is stretched upon a table, before which he is sitting; the audience is composed of seven other persons—Jacob Block, Hartman Hartmansz, Adrian Slalbraan, Jacob de Wit, Matthys Kalkoen, Jacob Koolveld, and Frans Van Loenen—who are so admirably represented, that it appears as if each countenance was penetrated with the explanations he is giving. The pen cannot describe this wonder of the art; here the work of man triumphs in rivalling nature; for the expression of life and the representation of death are so strongly depicted, that the impression this picture makes strikes the spectator at first sight with a feeling of aversion; yet, contemplating the *ensemble*, one discovers not only the great painter, but also that knowledge of human feelings, which speaks so forcibly to the heart, and which corresponds perfectly with what he often said to his pupils, 'that he had made it a strict rule never to paint anything without following nature.'

The faithfulness with which he represented the subjects he took for models, was the cause of his even following certain deformities which are sometimes met with in nature, and which he might have avoided in several

on which the fire of his imagination was employed with all its force, he had the patience and perseverance to finish so many precious cabinet pictures, such as 'Simeon in the Temple,' painted in 1631, on panel, height twenty-nine inches and a quarter, width nineteen inches, now in the Museum at the Hague; 'The Salutation' (formerly in the collection of the King of Sardinia), painted in 1640, on panel, height twenty-two inches and a half by nineteen inches, which was imported into this country about the year 1807, and purchased in 1812 by the Earl of Grosvenor, now the Marquis of Westminster, for his lordship's superb gallery; 'The Woman taken in Adultery,' on panel, height thirty-three inches by twenty-seven inches, painted in 1644 for Joan Six Heer Van Vromade, afterwards in the possession of Burgomaster William Six, and now one of the ornaments of the National Gallery in London. All the before-mentioned pictures sufficiently prove that Rembrandt knew how to appreciate that sentiment and grandeur for which the Italian school is so much admired. Although some have pretended that he ought to have studied the antique, it is not less true that he was by no means deficient on this point, for it is known that he purchased, at a high price, casts from antique marbles, paintings, drawings, and engravings, by the most excellent Italian masters, to assist him in his studies, and which are mentioned in the inventory of his goods when seized for debt. The original sketch for 'The Jacob's Dream' is one of the treasures of the Dulwich Gallery.

In 1661 he painted 'Les Syndics de la Halle aux Draps.' The whole of this picture is portrayed in so grand a style that the force of the execution makes the figures appear as if modelled in relief.

From 1630 to 1656 he was much sought after by persons of high consideration in the ancient Dutch Republic, several of whose portraits he has represented in his principal paintings, such as the Burgomaster Nicolas Tulp, and Cornelius Witsen, Captain Frans Banning Cok Heer van Purnerland and IJpondam, Joan Six Heer van Vromade, and others, whose patronage enabled him to establish himself upon a respectable footing in society. He married Miss Saskia van Uylenburg, by whom he had a son, whom he named Titus van Ryn. He, however, notwithstanding the brilliant example of his father, never became more than a painter of mediocre talent.

Rembrandt's multiplied success was soon pursued by that envy which has never spared merit, for a number of equivocal stories have been related, which report has handed down to our times, by citing jokes which his pupils made about his avarice, but which are without foundation, as he appears to have been quite of a different character, the liberality of his disposition even embarrassing his later days.

About the year 1656, Rembrandt determined to become proprietor of a house situated in the *Bree-Straat*, *St. Antonis-Sluis*. To assist him in effecting this purpose, the Burgomaster Cornelius Witsen advanced him 4180 guildens on a mortgage of the property; not being able to meet his engagement when his bond fell due, all his goods were seized, and on the 25th and 26th of July, 1656, sold by the Commissioner of the Court of Insolvency in Amsterdam.

His talents, however, remained unimpaired, and were a lasting treasure to him; he did not forsake his palette, but continued to produce other *chef-d'œuvre* until a short time before his death. Whatever might, at this period, have been his difficulties, he had at all events a consolation in knowing that no claim against him would be left unsatisfied, as it appears, after all his accounts were settled, there was a surplus of 6952 guildens, 9 stivers. It seems, however, that during his life-time he never would settle his accounts, either because he was of opinion that the Commissioners of the Court of Insolvency had improperly managed his interests, or from other motives, which must remain unknown.

It ought to be added to the fame of Rembrandt, that there never was in Holland a school more productive of men of talent than his; among them the following were the most celebrated, and will ever form a prominent feature in the republic of the fine arts:—

Gerhard Dow, Ferdinand Bol, Gerbrandt vanden Eeckhout, Govert Flink, Nicolas Maes, Philip de Koning, Arent de Gelder, Roelant Rogman, Jakob Lavee, Adriaan Verdoel, Samuel van Hoogstraten, F. Victor, and Drost.

It was after his decease, which took place in 1665 (and not, as is said by Houbraken and other writers, in 1674), that his only son, Titus van Ryn, then a minor, obtained an act of majority to inherit the property left by his father.

A complete descriptive catalogue of his works was published by D. Daulby, in Liverpool, 1796; another, by A. Bartsch, in 1797, of Vienna; and a list of the principal of them is given in Bryan's 'Dictionary of Painters.' The best notices of Rembrandt are those in the work by Descamps, entitled 'La Vie des Peintres Flamands,' &c., and Fiorillo's 'Geschichte der Zeichnenden Künste in Deutschland und den vereinigten Niederlanden.'

There is a fine collection of Rembrandt's etchings in the British Museum.



JACOB'S DREAM. BY REMBRANDT.

of his performances, particularly in his studies of female figures; nevertheless, these seeming defects often form a contrast, which shows the peculiar beauty and originality of his works to greater advantage.

In 1633 he painted the picture which represents a ship-builder and his wife, who is in the act of giving him a letter. This painting, coming from the celebrated collection of De Here Peter de Smeth Van Alphen, is nearly in the same style as that we have already mentioned: it is on canvas; height, forty-three inches and a half by sixty-seven inches.

But the most renowned of all Rembrandt's works is his grand picture, finished in 1642, known by the name of 'La Garde de Nuit, or La Bourgeoise Armée d'Amsterdam.' This was on the occasion of the expected visit of the Prince of Orange, with Maria, daughter of Charles I., King of England, whom he had lately married. The time chosen by the artist appears to be when the officers and men are leaving the guard-house, for the purpose of meeting the illustrious visitors. Height, twelve feet, by fourteen feet six inches wide—canvas. This picture adorned the small Council Chamber of the Town House of Amsterdam.

This painting is so remarkable for its excellence, that, even among all the master-pieces of great men, there are few that can rival this astonishing work, which is, without exaggeration, as a production of art, one of the wonders of the world, and which the Museum of Amsterdam may well be proud of possessing.

It is astonishing that, during the intervals of painting the great works



BRINGING HOME THE YULE LOG.



THE CHRISTMAS DOLE.

RICHARD BRADING.

A STORY OF A MAN WHO KEPT A PROMISE.

BY SHIRLEY BROOKS.



“E must go.” So they all said, more or less harshly, according to their natures, the clergyman, the squire, the attorney, the doctor, the landlord of the one hotel (the Cross Guns), the parish clerk, the man at the toll-

bar on the Haxbury Road, and every body else in and near Marlford whose opinion was of weight, either in his own judgment or that of his neighbours.

Even the women had turned against him, too. The parson's gentle, blue-eyed wife, who had often said a good deal to her husband in Richard Brading's behalf, could say no more, except that she hoped Mr. Evelyn would act rather as the clergyman than as the magistrate, and get Richard out of Marlford with as little exposure and hardship as possible.

Mrs. De Carter, at the Hall, was much more decided, and made no hesitation in stating that if she were Squire Carter (he always protested against the De) she would issue a warrant against the common enemy, and send him up to London, on the top of the coach, with handcuffs upon his wrists, to be tried for his crimes—for Mrs. De Carter's ideas of the power of a Justice were liberal. The attorney, Spindles, had no wife, but inasmuch as he had set his affections upon Miss Salvington, daughter of the doctor, his views were (for the present) in entire accordance with those of his intended mother-in-law, and she would gladly have administered to Richard the most deleterious drug in the whole surgery—she said. It happened that the landlady at the Cross Guns had better reasons than most of the other ladies for wishing that Richard were out of Marlford, and therefore, as will sometimes happen, she was more placable than the rest, and had Dick Brading behaved with any sort of discretion towards her, she would have fought his battle, if only because her husband took the other side; but Richard had done his best to destroy his own chances with the comely Mrs. Hankey. And there were few other women in Marlford who, at the time of which we are speaking, had not united in appraising Dick Brading as a “bad lot,” and one which it would be for the credit of Marlford to get removed as soon as it could be managed.

Such were the relations between the pleasant little country town of Marlford, and the young man, Richard Brading, as Christmas-time approached, about fifty years ago. What had Richard Brading done? What had he *not* done to make himself disagreeable to everybody in Marlford? He had troubled that placid locality in a most wanton manner. Instead of settling himself quietly down, like a yeoman of the better class, upon the little estate to which he had succeeded, and taking into his snug little house, in the capacity of wife, one of the plump, handy, fresh-coloured girls to be found in almost every farmhouse around (or even marrying Rosa Lincoln, the Marlford milliner, if he wanted a finer lady than he could find in a farmhouse), he had, upon coming into his uncle Sambrook's property, aforesaid, given himself over to evil courses. I am perfectly ashamed to write down what he did, and I am sure that my readers can take no pleasure in perusing the records of crime, and yet I must account for the feeling against him. He spent his money in the most reckless manner; bought dogs, and horses, and guns, at extravagant prices; grew tired of the articles, and sold them for next to nothing, or gave them away, and in the meantime got into the books of such of the few tradesfolk in Marlford as allowed themselves the luxury of keeping debtors, and to a far greater extent in those of the bolder traders of the county town twenty-two miles off. He gambled too—not with the Marlford people, whose quiet long whist and timid cribbage scarcely caused twelve shillings to change hands in twelve months, but with men in the county town aforesaid, hard-headed land-agents, who could remember the thirteenth trumpet after the thirteenth tumbler, dashing commercial gentlemen, who brought patterns of London vices, with their other patterns, in their vehicles, and it was even said that in the back parlour of Ahasuerus Moss, who kept the jeweller's shop in the High Street of the county metropolis, Dick Brading had played unlimited-oo with some of the officers who were quartered at the barracks, and who, for reasons of their own, were tolerant of the oriental faith of Mr. Moss, and not unfrequently shared what he called the hothospitality of Mithreth Moth.

Dick lived a bachelor life, got into debt, and gambled. This was bad enough, but it did not make a case for decided interference on the part of his neighbours. But Dick did more. Squire Carter was a strict game preserver. Dick Brading shot his pheasants—there was no doubt about it. The little property and the great one adjoined, and the birds, hatched and reared on the Carter estate, would go upon the Brading estate, and in the most ungrateful manner permit themselves to be killed there. Dick's foot was on his own land, and his name was in his certificate, and the Squire could only scowl at him over the hedge, and wish he could catch him trespassing. Then Mrs. De Carter had a lady's-maid called Zara (genteel for Sarah), and to this young person, whose bright eyes, smart figure, and ready tongue were, worldlyly speaking, some justification for the young man, did Richard Brading enunciate vows which might have terminated by an arrangement before the Reverend Mr. Evelyn, but Mrs. De Carter waxed furious at the idea. Several times, under pretext of taking the heir of the Hall for a ramble, had Zara managed to linger by the hedge already mentioned, until the first dinner-bell had sounded, and Mrs. De Carter, wrath in her heart and tangles in her hair, had waited, yes, worse than Louis Quatorze, had actually waited for her inferior. And when tearful and penitent Zara at last explained that Richard Brading had spoken out, Mrs. De Carter spoke

out too—and the result was (they do energetic things in country houses sometimes, as many a young lady can testify) that poor Zara was ordered to confine herself to a certain apartment until further orders, and an insulting intimation that a better match than a bankrupt poacher was designed for her, was conveyed to the incensed Richard. He wrote letters; you can easily imagine what became of them. He tried to storm the Hall in person, but was received by a terrific cross-fire from Mrs. De Carter and a most venomous house-keeper, which caused him to retreat, with his last hope shot away.

His other crimes we will pass over more rapidly. How he would go and drink much more than was necessary at the Cross Guns, and, although in debt there, would find fault (not undeserved) with the liquors, and contrast them, unfavourably for Hankey, with those of his cousin at Haxbury, whom Hankey hated in cousinly fashion. How he would make unseemly mirth with Mrs. Hankey's giggling niece and barnmaid, and incite her to be neglectful of more profitable customers; and how (this was his crowning offence) he intimidated his disbelief that Mrs. Hankey's lustrous black hair was her own save by purchase. Hankey grinned, for he liked to see his wife annoyed, but was in no wise softened towards his irreverent debtor. How Richard, sued by the attorney, went to his office, and, for once, paying the debt, insulted Mr. Spindles, in the hearing of his intended mother-in-law and affianced bride, by some unpardonable criticisms on his black sealing-wax legs and curiously spotty face, and how he advised Miss Salvington to beware of a husband who was so stingy that he scratched his head at the polysyllables. How the surly tollman hated him for revenging himself on that individual's sulkiness by calling him out of bed fifteen times between midnight and five on a November morning to open the gate, hours which Dick passed in driving backwards and forwards on the Haxbury road. How, by divers arts like these, he sought *not* to please the community of Marlford, and was eminently successful.

Marlford would gladly have got rid of him, but how was it to be done? You cannot exactly turn a man out of a place for living single, running in debt, gambling, drinking, making love, being disagreeable to a great house, laughing at an attorney and a parish clerk, and annoying a toll-bar keeper. If you might roll and knead all these crimes into one charge, it must inevitably crush the accused party; but, as Archbishop Laud said, “two hundred black rabbits do not amount to a black horse.” With almost everybody in Marlford hostile to him, Richard maintained his position. Held it, indeed, recklessly, rather than defiantly. He knew that he had annoyed a great many people, but he speedily forgot the offence, and gave others credit for doing the same. He did not know what accumulated amount of dislike was lodged to his account in the Marlford bank.

As for the man himself, I suppose he has been pretty well made out from what has been said. You see his exterior likeness in every little town in England. A well made, broad-shouldered young fellow, with an open and intelligent countenance, a good forehead, and curly black hair,—just the man you would like to take with you if you were going on some little expedition requiring courage and smartness in the execution, but not perhaps the man whom you would make your companion upon ordinary occasions. I do not think that careless, useless Dick Brading was quite so bad as they thought him in Marlford, but he was anything but a model, and the only extenuating circumstances which I can find for him are the facts that he had never received much education, and had come quite unexpectedly, at the age of twenty-one, into the possession of the property of which he made so unworthy a use. Let us all take this opportunity of registering a vow that when we come suddenly into our fortunes we will use them in a different way.

Marlford has one good street, irregular enough as regards its architecture, here and there a neat small shop being flanked on one side by a tall red brick house, and on the other by a tumble-down cottage. Among the other features of the street is a long brewery, and then we come to some hideous almshouses; and then, I think, to the piles of a timber-yard, and then to a disused Baptist chapel, and then to some good shops, opposite the Cross Guns, and then to more cottages, of decent exterior and intolerable drainage. But the street is a very long one, and at one end is the church, up to which it runs, and which stands in the centre of the highway. This is its appearance now; and except that perhaps some of the old cottages might have been in better repair, and some of the better shops unbuilt, and Little Zeor in use, I do not suppose that, fifty years ago, there could have been much difference in the look of Marlford. The wooden battlements, with which the Goth who built the church has been insulted by the Vandal who beautified it; were in the ugliness of youth at the time I speak of, having been erected in 1791, by a churchwardenly miscreant, who went to his punishment a year or two before our story begins.

Everybody in Marlford had gone to bed on one bright beautiful moonlight night, early in December, when—it might have been eleven o'clock—the clear cracking report of a gun was heard in the long street. There was not time to get up a panic, for Richard Brading paced composedly along the street—there was no mistaking him in the moonlight—with a gun in his hand. He walked towards the church, and answered everybody who called to him—

“All right—only an experiment—all over. Go to bed.”

But in the morning there was news. Mr. Jowley, the clerk, waited upon Mr. Evelyn, the clergyman (who lived at some little distance), and, with all parochioclrical prosiness and pomposity, improved by a dash of malicious pleasure, apprised Mr. Evelyn, who was at breakfast with his blue-eyed wife, that a most sacrilegious outrage had been committed by Richard Brading in the church of Marlford; that in the middle of the night the door had been penetrated by a bullet, which had passed on through the church, knocked off a little brass candlestick by the side of the reading-desk, grazed the side of the pulpit, and finally buried itself in the Ninth Commandment. “Had Mr. Evelyn been performing the Service,” Mr. Jowley added, “his life would have been in danger.”

“We will acquit the perpetrator of intending to shoot me,” said Mr. Evelyn, smiling. “He must have known that I very seldom read the Service in the middle of the night.”

Jowley had scarcely retired, when a figure passed the windows of the breakfast-room.

“It is Richard Brading himself,” exclaimed Mrs. Evelyn; “will you see him, dear?” she asked, with her hand on the bell.

“Unarmed, I hope,” said the clergyman. “Well, we will hear what he has to say; and don't you impede the course of justice by your tears and supplications.”

“I should like to see myself using any, and you daring to make them necessary,” said pretty Mrs. Evelyn, in an arch under voice, as the servant entered.

Richard Brading stated his case frankly enough. He had bought an Indian rifle, one that had been used in the war in America, and he had desired to try its range. It was certainly very thoughtless of him to select such a time and place for the purpose; but he had never supposed that the ball would have gone further than a log of wood, which he had painted white, and placed on the church steps as a mark. The bullet had passed through that, and had done the mischief in question. Any apology he could make, besides repairing the damage, any payment to the poor's-box, or other amends Mr. Evelyn would dictate, he would gladly offer. He was, indeed, exceedingly sorry.

Bless us, Mrs. Evelyn had forgiven him ever so long, and was tapping with her little foot, quite fidgety that her husband did not hasten to relieve Dick from an embarrassing position.

Mr. Evelyn, however, heard all that Richard Brading had to say, and then dismissed him, saying that the subject was one of great gravity, and required consideration, and that other persons must be consulted. He promised to send to Richard in the course of the day. For this coldness and sternness, as she called it, Madge scolded the clergyman well as soon as Richard was gone.

“My dear child,” said Charles Evelyn, “I have done much more than I ought. I have given him a hint which I have no doubt he will take. You will see no more of Mr. Brading.”

He was wrong, however.

Richard Brading never thought of availing himself of the clergyman's kindly-intended hint, and of withdrawing himself from Marlford. On the contrary, he awaited the further communication which had been promised him; and in the meantime he walked about the little town and its neighbourhood as usual, not noticing in manifestations which meant that old ill-feeling was soon to be gratified, and which he might have discovered in the significant greetings of many of his acquaintances. That evening he received a message from Mr. Evelyn, desiring him to attend at Mr. Spindles's office the following morning at a certain hour.

Certainly Mr. Evelyn had not intended that all Marlford should attend the same appointment. He had made it at Spindles's, chiefly, I believe, that the affair might be settled out of the jurisdiction of compassionate little Mrs. Evelyn. But if Spindles had sent round circulars inviting the attendance of Dick Brading's non-admirers, the muster could hardly have been more complete and punctual. Before Richard appeared, the Salvingtons came in, but then the relations between the lawyer and Penelope Salvington accounted for her and her mamma being in and out of the offices half-a-dozen times a day. Mr. Jowley attended; but then he had a right to do so, as an officer of the sacred edifice Dick had outraged. Hankey of the Cross Guns came over, having recollected that he must positively consult Spindles that very instant about the mode of obtaining a licence for some additional buildings which he designed, next year or so, to append to his hotel, and his wife, with her black hair on, accompanied him, because he was so stupid at understanding business unless she were at his elbow. But why Mrs. De Carter should have chosen that very hour for stopping her high-mettled little ponies at Spindles's door, and why the Squire should happen to come up at the same time, and, seeing his wife's carriage, should look in to ascertain what she could be about, and why slighted Rosa Lincoln, the milliner, should have been obliged to run over and try on the body of a dress she was making for Mr. Spindles's housekeeper, were more mysterious questions. There was such a gathering in Spindles's room that he had not chairs enough; and Pen Salvington, in her playful way, mounted the old oak deod chest, and rattled her heels against it as if she were already mistress of the establishment.

When Mr. Evelyn came in and saw this impromptu congregation, he understood the demonstration perfectly well, and looked much displeased. He determined to abridge the scene as much as possible, and Richard Brading entering immediately afterwards had hardly made a sweeping and somewhat confused salutation, very sternly received by the meeting, when Mr. Evelyn said—

“We are all neighbours and fellow-parishioners, but there is no necessity for my speaking to you, Brading, before so many witnesses.”

The meeting did not like this exordium; and, indeed, felt as disgusted as a crowded court of well-dressed and usually decorous English ladies and gentlemen appears when counsel begin to confer, and there is a chance of a scandalous case being arranged without exposure.

“I had rather you did, sir,” returned Dick. “Everybody knows all about it, and I owe an apology to the whole place as well as to you.”

There was a murmur of assent from the meeting; and the Squire, who rather piqued himself on imitating the Reigning Family, observed, “Quite right, quite right; very proper, very proper.”

“As far as that feeling goes, Brading,” said Mr. Evelyn, who would gladly have been freed from his task, but felt that under the eye of his flock he must behave with all due dignity; “it does you credit. I wish, for your sake, that this was a case in which apology, or even the voluntary reparation which you proposed to me yesterday, could be received. But as a magistrate as well as a clergyman, I have duties to perform; and I find from Mr. Spindles here, that the offence which you have committed is a very grave one, and one which I can be compelled by others to visit with all the severity of the ecclesiastical law. It is fair to tell you that you can resist me if you please, but Mr. Spindles will apprise you that ultimately a very heavy penalty, and a very disgracing censure will inevitably fall upon you.”

“I will read you the law, Brading,” said Mr. Spindles, taking up one of his books, “The parson, being incumbent, rector, vicar,”—

“It's all right, I'm quite sure, Mr. Spindles,” said Richard, somewhat agitated. “I've no doubt it's all right. I'll take it from Mr. Evelyn, anyhow. But it seems to me that he had not quite done.”

“I had not,” said the clergyman. “I have this to add, which I do of my own will, and at the risk of being pronounced in error—by competent authority,” he added, with something of hauteur (for he detected a disposition on the part of his audience to support him by applause). “I intended to have said to you, in private, but it has happened otherwise, that if you think proper to withdraw from Marlford, where the example set by your general life has not been a worthy one, I shall forego all proceedings against you, in the hope, in which I am sure all present join me, that time, and an influence which I fear you are not now in the habit of acknowledging, may change your character, and render you a good and a thoughtful man.”

The meeting could not be restrained, by the grave tone of the speaker, from signifying a thorough assent to the suggested self-banishment. “Go, go by all means, go,” was heard in various accents, and the Squire's “Go, go, go, go, go,” was a sort of Reigning Family summary of the general opinion.

Richard Brading looked round him with the expression of one suddenly hurt, and as suddenly awakened to the conviction that the hurt was purposely inflicted. After a long pause, he said,

“Everybody seems to think that I ought to leave Marlford.”

“If you had left it a good while ago, it would have been much better,” said Mr. Spindles, glancing down at his sealing-wax legs, and then up at Pen Salvington on the box.

“I should say so, too,” said Mr. Jowley, who entirely disapproved of the leniency of his superior. “Folks as make mocks during the hours of Divine Service is likely to be led to sacrilegious shooting, and murder, too, for anything one knows to the contrary.”

“I've a bill against you, Master Brading,” said Hankey, of the Cross Guns, “amounting to twenty-nine pound odd. Before you are off, as off I take it you will be, I'll trouble you to come to some settlement, or else Mr. Spindles will take the liberty of locking you up, and if he arrests you, I don't think you'll easy find bail here.”

“Yes, yes, yes,” said the squire. “Quite proper, quite proper.”

“I am perfectly astonished that this person does not instantly and gratefully accept his pastor's offer,” said Mrs. De Carter. “He appears to be downcast enough, now, when confronted with men who are his masters, though he can be insolent enough at a gentleman's mansion when none but females are present. If my own children and domestics are to be at liberty to walk in my own park unmolested, I must insist, in Mr. De Carter's name, upon his being either punished or expelled the place.”

Richard, despite his position, could not refrain from a smile, upon

which Mrs. Dr. Salvington broke in. "Mr. Evelyn mayn't mind his church being knocked to pieces, but if guns are to be fired off in the middle of the night, no matter whether people are ill or well, and death sets up" (the doctor's lady had caught a few medical phrases, and applied them with great freedom), "I should say people who fired them were murderers, and I always speak my mind."

Pen looked as if she should like to follow the maternal lead, but a glance from her *jaunced* hinted to her that she had better leave the case where it was, so she only rattled her high heels against the oak box.

"Everybody seems to think that I ought to leave Marlford," observed Richard, who not only kept silence until everybody had flung his or her stone, but for so long afterwards that the meeting became incensed at his contumaciousness. "I will go."

"And a good riddance," said several voices.

"The sooner the better," added others.

"Much," said Mrs. De Carter, as closing the business.

Richard Brading looked quietly round—bowed to the meeting in a composed manner, very different from that with which he had entered, and made his way to the door. There stood Rosa Lincoln and the housekeeper, and they had to retreat to let him pass. The housekeeper did so with a vicious smile, but Rosa was of gentler heart and weaker eyes. The latter held certain tears, and the former told her to touch Richard's hand as he passed, and she obeyed. The touch was very slight, it could not by any perversion of language be called a hand shake, but he noticed it, as did Pen Salvington, whose situation perhaps rendered her acute in detecting such matters. She would gladly have exposed Rosa, but there was but one milliner in Marlford, and Miss Lincoln had a little independence, and even the making a wedding-dress was no object to her—and—women think very quickly—Rosa escaped unrebuked. Richard departed, and went towards his own home. Mr. Evelyn left the lawyer's office, and hastened after his parishioner.

"Another word or two, Brading, which I had no wish to say before others. From what has evidently been passing in your mind, I do not suppose that you now give me credit for any other feelings towards you than those of your other neighbours. Hereafter you may possibly do so. I merely desired to say to you that if at any time you have occasion to communicate with a friend at Marlford, his address is at the Rectory. Mrs. Evelyn and myself unite in wishing you well."

There was tact in thus bringing Mrs. Evelyn's kind blue eyes into the picture before those of Richard Brading. It procured a softer answer than he had intended to make; though all he said was,

"I thank you, sir, and also Mrs. Evelyn. Good-day!"

He did not leave Marlford immediately; but he made two or three journeys to the county town, and on one of them the keen eyes of his neighbours noticed that he took away, and did not bring back, a large square parcel, like those in which solicitors make up title deeds. He was understood to have had conferences with Ahasuerus Moss. A day or two before Christmas he went through Marlford, and paid all his debts—they were not much, including Hankey's claim. But he would enter into no conversation with any one beyond what was necessary, and even at the Cross Guns he refused to enter the parlour, but paid his bill over the bar. And when placable Mrs. Hankey held out her hand to wish him a happy Christmas, he merely raised his hat, gravely wished her the same, and went out without even a glance at the flirting niece. This was ungrateful, for Mrs. Hankey had intimated to Lawyer Spindles that though Dick was no better than he should be, yet, if Spindles did anything in the way of that arresting-nonsense, Hankey's business should go to the attorney in the next town; and the niece had carefully and dutifully torn out of her uncle's books all the entries against Richard. But we never know our friends in this world.

On Christmas morning, a bright, clear day, with just sunshine enough to darken the stones of Marlford with moisture where the frost had lain, and as the bells were ringing, and everybody (except the Guardians of the Dinner) was taking or toddling his, her, or its way to church, Richard Brading rode slowly along the street, as if taking a last survey of a place he should not see again. A few saluted him—the more, let us hope, because it was Christmas morning—but he returned no salutation, and deliberately passed along, keeping his horse at a slow walk, and so he went gloomily out of the town. As he reached the toll-bar on the Haxbury road, his enemy, the pike-keeper, came out to take his money, and as he rattled his halfpence, he looked up with a spiteful knowingness.

"Off for good, Master Brading, I reckon?"

"Reckon your change, and mind your own business. You have cheated me of a penny."

"So I have—here it is—I wouldn't wrong anybody—specially one who can't afford to lose it, Master Brading. Off for good, eh? Well, it will be for the first time. We'll remember you, ha! ha!"

"Something to help your memory," said Dick, giving the tollman a tremendous slash with the hunting-whip, across his broad shoulders, and riding on.

The man remembered it a good while, with small complacency; but the pike and the world had lost him (in consequence of a determination of brandy to the head) many a long year before Richard Brading rode through that gate again.

Five and twenty years passed—the happy found them short ones—and the stirring, thriving, and striving wondered where the time had gone—and the poor and the luckless—but what right had they to think of anything except shame at not having exerted themselves, and succeeded, and made proper provision for their families? Don't let us have their sentimentality, for gracious sake! The hole in the church door was plugged, the brass candlestick was set up, and much village wit was expended upon the process of mending the broken commandment. And then Richard Brading was forgotten, Waterloo, and a few trifling incidents of that kind, having given Marlford something else to talk about.

What became of Richard Brading during that period is not of much consequence. He engaged in the merchant service—and he made money.

Marlford, about the time of which we speak, namely, some five and twenty years after the expulsion of Richard Brading, suddenly experienced a discomfort and an uneasiness of a singular character. There was not much outward manifestation of this, but it was felt throughout the whole social circle. Everybody began to meet with misfortunes, crosses, and general bad luck, and everybody began to suspect some one or other of his neighbours of being connected with his annoyances. People grew distant, shy, and caustic. Innuendoes, which in provincial garb are tolerably explicit, were exchanged when meetings in vestry, or elsewhere, became necessary. A spy system was felt to be existing, and, as usual, everybody shared the odium attaching to it. Neighbourly gatherings were given up, "nobody knew to what account his words would be turned;" the barber shaved his clients in silence, and in consequent torture; the Saturday club at the Cross Guns expired disagreeably amid sneering and scornful farewells by members who determined never to come there again; and market-day became a scene of skulking and avoidance,—those who were compelled to do business in the market doing it as quickly as they could, and getting home again, and those who could stay within doors making a special point to do so on the day when, in old times, everybody was meeting everybody all day long, and making the chaffering over chickens, eggs, butter, apples, gridirons, shoes, clothes-poles, and the other glittering and sparkling temptations of the mart, an excuse for worlds of gossip and good-humour.

Specially—for people are more interested in hearing how gallantly

Private Jones dashed his bayonet into a Russian, saved his colonel, and lost his arm, than in the general statement that the regiment charged splendidly, and turned the enemy's flank—specially let us mention what had happened to individuals. There was old Hankey of the Cross Guns—he had for some years been committing certain grave offences against the malt laws (I believe there are about ninety-two statutes which you must learn by heart before you can make a glass of beer), and his practices in this respect were, as he imagined, secret. One day there suddenly rattled into Marlford a smart break, full of excisemen, who, in the most prompt and military style, surrounded the Guns, searched every room, outhouse, malt-house, granary, and cellar, and having demanded and impounded Hankey's account-books, declared them fictitious, and from a secret closet, of which they seemed to have full knowledge, pulled out other records of a damaging character, to the extreme discomfiture of old Hankey, who in the end had to pay "cumulative penalties" to the amount of fifteen hundred pounds, and to write and thank the great Excise for its mercy. There was Dr. Salvington, whose wife had, at least twenty years before, begun to behave herself as a mother-in-law to Spindles, and against whom, therefore, Spindles and the unfilial Penelope had rebelled. A "case" of a pauper under Salvington's care had terminated unfavourably, and the parochial authorities, of course under the advice of their attorney ("that cat Pen's precious bargain," as the mother-in-law put it,) caused a coroner's inquest to be held, the result of which was that Salvington barely escaped a verdict of manslaughter, and was reprimanded by the jury and abused by the coroner in terms which were afterwards adapted by Spindles (something of a poet) to a ballad, which all the children in Marlford learnt and sung, with a burden of "Quack! quack! aint he a Black? Who rubbed blue wittril on Stiggins's back?" Now Spindles avowed, in confidence, that he should never have thought of serving out his father-in-law if he had not been informed from a private source that the old man had been making a new will at an attorney's in the county town. Nor was the vengeful Spindles himself untroubled, for somebody or other contrived to ascertain that he had neglected to remit to London the price of his license to practise upon the population of Marlford; and consequently he came to great sorrow, a variety of clients refusing to pay for what he had done unlawfully, and the London authorities evincing a very persecuting spirit in regard to the penalty he had incurred. Upon poor Spindles, indeed, animosity was wreaked in all sorts of ways, large and small. False summonses from clients called him away on fools' errands at the most disastrous times; forged letters from himself were sent to valuable friends, whom he would not have annoyed for the world, and into which there infused just so much probability (as where payment of precise sums was demanded) as to prevent his ever quite convincing the parties that he had not been the writer. And a certain passage in his early life, which he had hoped to keep for ever unknown to his jealous Penelope (whose maidenly smartness had developed into the most matronly viciousness that ever snarled off the conjugal nose), was, with demoniacal malice, first made known, with letters and other proofs, to her mother, in the certainty that in whatever form the information could be most publicly and disagreeably made known to Pen, the Roman matroness would have the moral courage to convey it. Spindles suffered fearfully in purse, in repute, and some who knew Pen's liveliness, added, in person, from the revelations of his unknown enemy. Jowley, the clerk, whose croak had become fearfully hoarse (he attributed his perpetual cold to a stained glass window, with which innovation Mr. Evelyn had replaced the dirty white glass the clerk had stared at for forty years), was also tormented. He received a sham notice from the bishop of the diocese, with a great red seal, threatening him with the Greater Excommunication if he did not speak out more loudly and distinctly in his reading-desk; in consequence of which the old man nearly went mad during the week (Evelyn was away, so he had no one to consult), and on the Sunday, between wrath and fear, he uttered such unseemly noises and shouts that he was charged by his minister with intoxication, sternly rebuked after prayers, and finally compelled by the taunts of Marlford to resign his office. Nor did misfortune confine itself to the streets of Marlford. The old squire, in imitation of the reigning family, had long since left Mrs. De Carter a wealthy widow. Had he not done so, of course she could not have bestowed her estates upon an Irish colonel, of splendid figure, and unbragging whiskers, and an awful temper. Mrs. Mountkillarney had very different work, in the husband-taming line, from any Mrs. De Carter had attempted, and the colonel nobly avenged the oppression practised upon his predecessor. The fight was furious, but the Irish side prevailed, and Mrs. Mountkillarney was reduced to a cipher in her own house, which at length owned a lord and master. But as she grew older, the lady could not help seeing that her second husband was still a young looking man; and upon one point she reserved the right to rebel. An Irish gentleman, especially a military one, is remarkable for never paying attention to more than one lady at a time—and that lady his wife,—but perhaps the colonel was an exception to the general rule. The fierce battles that were given in connection with this subject were frightful; and though the colonel was his wife's match, (especially since he had kicked out of doors her aide-de-camp the venomous housekeeper), he rather hated meeting her after a flirtation, or what she entitled as such. What kind of scenes occurred when affectionate letters in female handwriting began to be found about the hall, placed as if accidentally, but where Mrs. Mountkillarney was sure to discover them, may be surmised. Zara (who had ungratefully emigrated) and her wrongs were revenged. But the grand stroke of vengeance was reserved for a day when the colonel was departing, per post-chaise, to join some shooting friends in the north. Private information was given to his lady that his journey would be in quite a different direction, and she was advised to watch another point. She did, and saw—if not her husband, a marvellous imitation of his swagger and whiskers—hurrying towards London with a lady by his side; and as care had been taken that pursuit should be impossible, Mrs. Mountkillarney's own convictions could not be shaken, and the astounded colonel was legally apprised that a separation must take place.

December came, as it generally will if we wait for it; and Christmas Eve arrived with similar punctuality; and Marlford church had been duly decked with its holly and other green insignia. Mr. Evelyn had ordered that the key of the church should be brought to him when all the preparations were complete, for a visit which had been repeated until the right to make it had been secured by social charter at the Rectory, had to be paid by his wife and children. They always went on Christmas Eve to see how the church looked. The Evelyn olive branches, five—no, six—as fresh, and gentle, and intelligent, and spoiled a collection of parsonets as one might desire to see, stormed the church; and with the best intentions to comply with requests not to make any undue noise, or to race about instead of walking gravely, decidedly neglected both. The arches rang with the fresh young voices that pronounced approbation of the decorations, and by which the speakers might be traced to their lurking-places as they ran from point to point, that the survey might be complete.

Suddenly there was a rush to the altar-rails. Eustace, the elder of the party, was to point out something to the others.

"We mustn't go inside the rails," said the fair-haired boy, whose blue eyes were copies of a pair, still beautiful, which were gazing from the pulpit stairs, on which Margaret had seated herself; "so you must follow what I tell you. Begin at commandment number five, at the top, do you see? Do you see, Reginald?—you always say you do. Read it."

"H-o, ho, n-o-u-r, nure," began Reginald, earnestly, and to the satisfaction of his brother.

"That's right, at least that's the place, Reggie. And now count down. That's five, then six, seven, eight, and nine. All see nine? Very well; now I'll tell you. A very wicked and good-for-nothing man, many years ago, came in the night and fired a bullet at the commandments, to show that he hated them, and the bullet is in that one, where you see it a little whiter than the others."

"Read that commandment, boy," said a loud voice, which made the children start. The speaker, who had not been previously noticed, rose from a low seat that had been concealed by a row of pews. The children started, and clustered together.

"Read it," repeated the stranger, in a gentler tone.

Eustace instinctively obeyed.

"Thou shalt not bear false witness against thy neighbour."

"Now, before you tell any one else the story you have been telling to your brothers and sisters, just remember these words."

"Good counsel," said Mr. Evelyn, coming up. "And who gives it? I ought to know every one about here, but you are a stranger, I think."

"And a trespasser, perhaps," returned the other, coldly. "If so, I apologise. I wish to take no liberties."

"My good friend," said Evelyn, "who talks of trespassers here, except in the sense in which we all are trespassers, and need forgiveness?" And he pointed to another inscription, beside The Tables. "And on Christmas Eve, too," he added, in a lighter voice. "You are heartily welcome to my church, and I hope you like it well enough to make another use of it to-morrow."

"I will come," said the stranger. And with a grave bow to the party, he walked slowly down the aisle, and left the church. As the door clashed, Margaret, who had listened with extreme attention to the scene, hastened down the pulpit stairs, and said in a low voice to her husband—

"Richard Brading."

"Right!" said her husband, after a pause. "There is work cut out for this Christmas Eve, Margaret. When you like, take the children home. I will see him." And Mr. Evelyn hastened out.

The clergyman followed the stranger, who went down the street, and in the direction of Brading's long-closed house. Outside the town Mr. Evelyn quickened his footsteps, and speedily came up with the other, who looked round.

"You wish to withdraw your invitation, perhaps," said the stranger, quietly. "I am not to come to-morrow? Very well. Anything to accommodate?"

"Why this masquerade, Richard Brading?" said Mr. Evelyn.

"Won't you shake hands with me?" And he held out his hand.

"Certainly I will, sir, and gladly," said Richard, and he gave the pastor's hand a squeeze which certainly indicated that Brading had been at some rough work since they had last met. "And I am heartily rejoiced to see you so well, and Mrs. Evelyn as handsome as ever, and the children, who are new to me, but just what might have been expected."

"And we are glad to see you, Richard, I can tell you. You have only just come into the place, I suppose. Where are you going to take up your quarters. Come on to the rectory with me in the meantime!"

"If you don't look after your parish better than this, Mr. Evelyn, it won't do you so much credit as it ought to do. I've been here for six months next Saturday. The old house, sir, there—it's a little rickety now, but I've been in worse places!"

"Six months! Why the shutters have never been unclosed, nor the padlock off the front gate. I can speak to that, Richard," said Evelyn.

"Why no, sir. If they had, I might have been interfered with, and turned out of Marlford again, for anything I know. Now I wanted to stay, not so much out of love of the place, for I dare say I'll never see it again after this Christmas, but because I had some work to do, which I have pretty well done."

"Good work, let us hope, Richard," said Evelyn, doubtfully.

"Well, sir, if keeping a promise is good work, it was. I suppose you remember the day that half Marlford crowded into lawyer Spindles's office there, to browbeat a young fellow who was not much better than he should be, but meant no harm to any of them. It's five-and-twenty years ago, but you'll recollect it."

"I recollect the occasion perfectly, Brading, but you do not, or you would not use the word browbeating with reference to anything that I then said to you. I remember also that I followed you—as I have done to-day—and—"

"You did, sir, and you behaved like a true gentleman, and also a true friend if I may be so bold as to say so. I did not mean to count you among the rest. But as I stood in that room, hot and hurt, with all the spite, and pride, and malice of Marlford snapping and spitting about me, I made a promise to myself that before I died, no matter how long I had to wait, I'd come back among them, and make them as miserable as they were trying to make me. Five-and-twenty years have gone, and I have come back and kept my word. Hankey, old Salvington, Mother Salvington, lawyer Spindles and his precious wife, Jowley the clerk (begging your pardon), and the proud lady at the Hall that wanted me, I heard, sent off in handcuffs—they've had a pleasant time of it lately I reckon." And he laughed heartily, as at a capital joke. If there was any triumph in the laugh it was of a very good-natured kind.

"All exceedingly wrong," said the clergyman. "If these persons were your enemies, you made them so; and moreover, you ought not to need telling that we are to forgive our enemies."

"I forgive them all, everyone, from the bottom of my heart. I do, sir, upon my honour. If I were to live in Marlford a hundred years, which it is not my intention to do—I would never do another bit of chastisement. I said I would pay them off, and I've done it. You mayn't believe it, but I couldn't have come into the church if I hadn't made up my mind to close accounts at the end of the year."

"I don't know what to make of you, Dick Brading," said the clergyman, puzzled at his parishioner.

"There you have it, sir. I'm Dick Brading, and if they'd remembered that, and called me Dick, and treated me like a Dick, I should have done well enough; but they all would make me up into Mr. Richard, for which I was in no ways qualified; and then they persecuted me because I couldn't behave as such. However, byegones is byegones, and a happy Christmas to you, sir."

"Don't go away from Marlford again, Brading," said Mr. Evelyn, after a pause. "At least not without consulting me and my wife; I think Mrs. Evelyn could say something to you that you would wish to hear."

"I'm agreeable to anything, sir," said Dick Brading. "I always was, if people only knew it."

He came to see Mrs. Evelyn, and she told him several things. Among them, that his old admirer Rosa Lincoln, who was very heart-broken at his departure, had married somebody else in sheer feminine desperation, and was now a buxom and well-to-do widow, who if she were nine-and-thirty did not look it, and who had two of the prettiest daughters in the county, just the things for an old bachelor to pet. She was settled in a capital little farm of her own, about twelve miles off. Dick had not heard of this, and in a day or two went off to ascertain the correctness of the statement; and I am not going to insult the readers of Christmas stories by affecting to think it necessary to explain how that matter ended,—how favourably the prodigal was received in Marlford when it was known that he had returned with money in his pockets, and how everybody whose opinion was of weight either in his own judgment or that of his neighbours, recollected that he had always prophesied that Dick Brading would do well some day. Rosa Brading was always certain of it.



CHARLES THE SECOND KNIGHTING THE LOIN OF BEEF. DRAWN BY GILBERT.



CUTTING THE ASHEN FAGOTS IN DEVONSHIRE.



CHRISTMAS TREES IN COVENT GARDEN MARKET.

CHRISTMAS CHEER AND CHEERINESS.

By CUTHBERT BEDE, B.A.



CRONICLERS tell us that Old King Cole called for his pipe, and his glass, and also for his fiddlers three, the reader of the legend is thereby left to imagine that the monarch had arrived at the very extremity of hilarity, and could go no further. Perhaps, the tastes and habits of royalty were, in that day, suited to the simplicity of the times they lived in, and were somewhat deficient in those amenities which are now-a-days usually attached to polite society, from which—more especially in its Court Circle—the pipe and the glass, yea, and even the fiddlers three, are excluded. But it is evident, from the terms of the legend, that the elderly monarch (Cole) was in that state of doubtful happiness usually designated by the phrase “right as a trivet.”

Now, what the peculiar rectitude of a trivet (in itself an inoffensive implement) may be, I have no means of ascertaining; and, why the consumption of vinous liquors, in a greater quantity than is good for a gentleman

to carry, should be followed by the sensation of this peculiar rectitude, is one of those abstruse points on which commentators may be allowed to differ. But I heartily hope that the rectitude felt and shewn during this present Christmas season may be of a very different description from this. Let a man call for his pipe, and call for his glass, and even call for his fiddlers three, if he so pleases, but, while he is fiddled to, let him drink and smoke in moderation, and not make Christmas an excuse for excess.

I confess that my ideas of cheer, as connected with Christmas, are not necessarily dependent upon the making a beast of myself, and the conducting myself in a rude and indecorous manner, and the passing my Christmas night in a station-house, and the being fined five shillings by the magistrate in the morning. My opinions of Cheer, boys, cheer—as applied to Christmas—are not of this kind. I acknowledge that I am sceptical on a point, which so many would deem me a heretic for doubting, namely this:—that I cannot rightly and duly enjoy Christmas cheer unless I guzzle, and swigg, and stuff, and cram myself with good things—good things that I turn into bad things, simply because I don't put them to their proper use. I confess that I am ready to be made an auto-da-fé of on this point, and that I am altogether unwilling to make myself uncomfortably dyspeptic through a false understanding of a little word like the word “cheer.”

I may hold heterodox notions, but I frankly acknowledge that I cannot see any cheeriness in the sort of cheer that converts my minister of the interior into a minister of anything else but delights, into a receptacle for a mixture, the ingredients of which, though individually agreeable, are in the mass indigestive and repulsive,—

“Rudis, indigestaque moles.”

I like to see my Roast Beef of Old England, and my plum-puddings, and my mince-pies; I like to see whatever else is common to Christmas, and usually included under the name of “Christmas cheer,” whether it be geese, or game, or turkeys, or oysters, or cod-fishes; I like not only to see them—for I very much enjoy the eating of them also—but I utterly reject the notion, that, because it is Christmas time, and because these things are Christmas cheer, I must therefore do violence to my better judgment, and (in the language of the vulgar) “peg away” at these things in an unwonted manner. I confess that I am mentally blind to the position that, because it is the Christmas season, I must eat far more than I am accustomed to do, and much more than is good for me.

The goose may be a silly bird, but I should deem myself sillier if I looked at the goose in the light the Walsall gentleman did, as “a bird that was too much for one and not enough for two,” and did eat of it accordingly, simply because it was a Christmas goose, and I was partaking of Christmas cheer. I don't look at Christmas cheer in this light.

I don't see, that, because I am not indifferent to a glass of wine after dinner, I should therefore be compelled to reduce myself to the verge of imbecility, and the condition of the trivet's rectitude, simply because it is Christmas time, and proper to indulge in Christmas cheer. I don't see, that, because Christmas comes but once a year, and gives public-office clerks a holiday, I am therefore to accept

per-force certain people's notions of its due observance, and lower myself to the state of the gentleman to whom they gave, the

—“next morn'g, a couple of red-Herrings and a soda-water.”

don't see this. There may be many cups, besides the tea-cup, that cheer but don't inebriate, and I don't see that I am to get into my cups and turn them into inebriating ones, simply because Christmas cheer would ask me to do so. No! I detest the pomp of the Persians; I don't want any extravagant doings at my entertainments, no later roses, no phyllyrian chaplets, nothing but the simple myrtle.

Let us mark the Christmas season by anything rather than gluttony; let no unwholesome excess come near my Christmas feast; let no unchristian waste of mine bring dishonour to the great Christian Festival. Rather let my Christmas cheer bring me “one cheer more,” in the gladness of heart and lightness of spirit that make real cheeriness. So long as there are widows' hearts to make to leap with joy, and orphan children who silently plead for charity, and shivering outcasts who stand in need of some helping hand of pity; so long as there are hungry mouths to fill, and sick at heart to heal, and wounds of bruised spirits to bind up, and naked sons and daughters of misery to clothe; so long as there are weary and heavy-laden to be released from their burdens, and broken links of affection to be forged anew, and dying embers of love to be kindled to a glow; so long as there are ears that have never heard the whisper of the words “Peace on earth, goodwill towards men;” so long will there be ample opportunity for us to indulge ourselves to the full—and without any after-suffering—in true Christmas Cheer and Cheeriness.

THE KNIGHTING OF THE SIRLOIN OF BEEF BY CHARLES THE SECOND.

THE Second CHARLES of England
Rode forth one Christmas tide,
To hunt a gallant stag of ten,
Of Chingford woods the pride.
The wind blew keen, the snow fell fast,
And made for earth a pall,
As tired steeds and wearied men
Returned to Friday Hall.
The blazing logs, piled on the dogs,
Were pleasant to behold!
And grateful was the steaming feast
To hungry men—and cold.

With right good-will all took their fill,
And soon each found relief;
Whilst Charles his royal trencher piled
From one huge loin of beef.

Quoth Charles, “Odd's fish! a noble dish!
Aye, noble made by me!
By kingly right, I dub thee knight—
Sir LOIN henceforward be!”

And never was a royal jest
Received with such “acclaim;”
And never knight than good Sir LOIN
More worthy of the name.

* The Oak-table upon which this ceremony was performed was a few years since to be seen at Friday Hill House, Chingford, Essex.

CHRISTMAS DAY AMONG THE BRICKS.

CHRISTMAS morning! Fresh, bright, frosty, and invigorating; just the morning for a drive into the country to spend the day's holiday. The trap was at the door of our chambers before we had breakfasted; so we had to bustle about to get ready.

It may be mentioned, *par parenthèse*, that that charming specimen of her sex, Mrs. Mollops, our landress, is, by way of keeping Christmas, in one of her periodical states of “them spasms,” which necessitate the copious use of spirituous liquors; and consequently we have to “do” for ourselves. I am not quite sure that “doing” for ourselves is not, on the whole, pleasanter than being “done for”—done for in a good many senses of the word—by Mistress Mollops. However, here we are puffing away at that confounded fire that will not burn, because we are in a hurry; and trying to coax that kettle to boil, that never was made for boiling. Puff, puff—puff, puff. Bravo, Hicksie; a blaze at last: now for the eggs;—on with the chops. Capital!

Chops, eggs, coffee, and bread-and-butter, were *hors de combat* (how very military one's phrases become in these times) in a trice. Paletots were donned, hats brushed, our arms full of rugs and wrappers; and away we went down the dingy, dirty stairs of our chambers, and were seated on the neat dog-cart, behind the cleverest little nut-brown mare that ever trotted unheard of miles per hour.

Give her her head, Bill: that's it. Tst! Tst! Tst! And we were fairly off. Off, through the gateway, and along Holborn, cutting in and out, past cabs and omnibuses and carts and waggons and brewers' drays; along New Oxford Street, and so to Hyde Park. What a breath of freshness comes across us from the Park!—the first invigorating instalment of what we are to get as we go further on and on, till we really do approach green fields and green hedges.

Hicksie drove, and exhibited his talent in that line to admiration: he inherited it, in fact; for you remember his father, Sir Hicksie Hicksie, one of the first “whips” of his day. Poor man, I doubt if the gout has now left him power to hold even four Coventry ribbons, instead of the “ribbons” he once so joyously handled.

Our trip this morning is to the house of a nephew of old Sir Hicksie's, and a cousin, therefore, of Hicksie's: a capital fellow, who had been intended for the Bar, and who had eaten much mutton with that intent; but who had suddenly forsaken the “pleasant paths” of law to plunge into the *devia via* of brick fields and brick making. In fact, finding, after some few years' trial, that he was as briefless as on the day he was “called,” he wisely embarked in trade, bought some land, turned brick maker and farmer,—and was flourishing!

On we trotted—at least, the clever little mare did, and merrily we rolled on behind her; the bright morning, and the anticipation of a pleasant holiday, making our spirits dance. On, past Shepherd's Bush, and so off to the left, through Turnham Green, to Kew Bridge. Not over the bridge though: albeit the little mare has an instinctive idea that's the proper road, because it leadeth to Richmond. No Star and Garter to-day, little mare; so you must, perforce, keep straight on; and so through Brentford. When shall we ever get through this “lengthened dirtiness long drawn out,” with its glimpses of the whitey-brown Thames caught through the openings of the houses, here and there? Brentford End! there is no end to this interminable swelter of mud and muck. Through it at last; and we breathe again! Here's Isleworth: and now, here's Hounslow—almost as long as Brentford, but with the advantage of being a trifle cleaner. Alas! *quantum mutatus ab illo* Hounslow, whose day of glory was when coaches were, and when post-horses had their place in the “animal kingdom.”

Right through Hounslow; and here we are among neat little villas with trim little patches of garden: and now we are on the “Heath.” The days of “stand and deliver” are now gone by, and a man (oh degenerate times!) may travel from Dan to Beersheba without encountering a pennyworth of romance.

“Pooh!” said Hicksie, “the romance, I dare say, was all very well, but the reality sometimes became unpleasant. I shouldn't wonder but it was on this very spot that my great uncle old Anthony Hicksie was shot at by the highwayman, and the bullet went right through him.”

“Right through him?”

“Yes! Did you never hear about it? It's one of Sir Hicksie's stock stories. Old Anthony was, at the time of the adventure, a brisk, dapper young man, and then ‘travelled’ for the commercial house—Quicksie, Kicksie, and Hicksie—of which he was a junior partner. One stormy, boisterous night, my uncle was on his homeward journey from the provincial towns where he had been to collect money and orders, and was crossing the Heath in his gig. He had never been robbed by a highwayman yet, though he had often been stopped; so he hoped to escape this time also, for he had a large sum of money with him.

“The wind blew in fitful gusts every now and then, so that it made it a matter of difficulty for my uncle to keep his hat on: in fact, occasionally, there would come such a puff that it seemed a wonder if he kept his head on,—so sharp and cutting was the blast. It was very dark, too, and that made it all the more unpleasant. Nevertheless, my uncle, as I have heard say, was a courageous little fellow, and before leaving the last town, where he had partaken of the ‘good entertainment for man and beast,’ and where he had met some friends, he had laid a wager that he would not be stopped, and had proceeded on his journey in spite of their entreaties to remain with them till morning. On he trotted, therefore, and was not to be turned from his purpose.

“He had just gained the middle of the Heath—as it might be, just about this very spot—when there was a dead lull in the storm; so that you might almost have heard a pin drop; and during the momentary stillness he distinctly heard the measured beat of a horse's gallop on the turf.

“‘Now or never,’ thought my uncle, as he felt for his pistols, and then gave the mare a cut with the whip, just to keep her awake to business. ‘Now or —’

“‘Stand!’ roared a voice from the other side of the ditch that skirted the road. ‘Pull up, or I'll —’

“What the voice's alternative was, my uncle did not wait to ascertain, but gave the mare another cut which put her into her very best paces. The mare was a very fast trotter, and my uncle knew, per contra, that the highwaymen generally were not very well mounted; and, moreover, this particular one had to leap, or somehow get over, that ditch, before he could begin the race in which my uncle hoped to distance him.

“The highwayman, however, got over the ditch better than was expected; and once in the road, he was coming on, hand over hand, at a rate which at every step diminished the chances for the safety of my uncle's money or his life. My uncle, nevertheless, sat firm, putting his trust in Providence and keeping his powder dry; while the highwayman plied his spurs, and was becoming impatient, as the distance to the town of Hounslow was shortening in favour of the pursued.

“Just at this moment there seemed to be something going on about my uncle that was singular, if any one could have remarked it; but it was too dark to remark anything. He fidgetted about on his seat, and seemed uneasy; at least, so one might have opined from the perturbed movements of the large cloak which he wore, and the bobbing of his hat. What was he about? What could he —

“‘Stand! or I'll fire,’ again thundered the highwayman. And without waiting for an answer he *did* fire! He must have been a

capital shot, for the bullet went through the cloak, right through my uncle's backbone—somewhere (for I can't be quite exact as to particulars), between the third and fifth ribs, may be. Of course, down dropped my uncle all of a heap. In fact, when the bullet went through him, he seemed to shut up, in a second, just like one of the Fantoccini figures. The poor mare missing the encouragement of her master, or, perhaps, frightened by the shot, stood stock-still: and the highwayman, now making sure of his booty, galloped up to the gig. Just as he reached it, however, a pistol was fired from the footboard, and the rascal's horse, with a start and a plunge, rolled over on the road, half burying its master under it.

"Satisfied of the success of his stratagem, my uncle now got up from under the seat of the gig, where he had been on his knees; and resuming his cloak and the reins, drove on steadily to the town. His hat, however, was gone;—that had rolled into the road when the highwayman fired: and as for his whip—that was cut slap in two by the bullet. His whip was not the only thing that had suffered: his cloak had been riddled by the ball; and my uncle, I believe, sued the county for the damage. When telling his adventure, over a glass of wine, many a time afterwards, he used to say, that finding himself hard pressed by the highwayman, whom he doubted not was the notorious Bill Haines—a fellow who had the reputation of having shot one man, and maltreated several others—my uncle slipped out of his cloak, which he propped up with the stick of his whip, on which he stuck his hat; he himself crouching down on the footboard, well sheltered by the seat, holding up the whip in one hand, and the reins in the other, having a pistol by his side ready for immediate service. He went many a journey subsequently, but I never heard that he crossed Hounslow Heath again after dark."

While Hicksie had been relating the adventure of his great-uncle, we had turned off to the right, along a road that brought us into a green lane, which, after following it for some time, led to a few cottages, and these we had scarcely passed when a joyous voice hailed us with "Holloa there!—stop!"

Full as our minds were, just at the moment, of the highwayman, we might have fancied ourselves assailed in the same fashion: but the order to "stop" was in too friendly a tone for that; so we pulled up as desired.

"Ha! how are you, old fellow? Glad to see you, sir (this was to me); happy to see any friend of Tom's. Why, I say Tom, you've shot past the gate, and now you'll have to turn round: but never mind that; jump out both of you, and Jennings or some of them will take charge of the trap. Here Jennings, Roger, Mason, where are you? That's right, Mason: look sharp; come and lead the horse into the yard;—steady now, don't grind the point off the wheel against that block. Now then, come along into the house."

And we went accordingly into the house;—it wasn't a house though; it was a cottage: but as neat, tidy, pretty a cottage as a man would wish to live cosily and die happily in: it was furnished with all the appliances of London elegance, and was "replete with every comfort," as the auctioneers say. There was a pretty little conservatory that led out from the hall, through which you got into as pretty a flower-garden; then there was another garden behind, and an orchard, and a paddock; and vines and honeysuckle growing up the walls; and a piggery, and a cowhouse, and the barn and stables; in fact, a perfect Utopia of rural felicity, enough to turn the brain of any poor Londoner with patent leather boots on. But we did not see all these things at once, and at first; we had previously to pay our respects to the ladies of the family, whom we met on entering the cottage, and by whom we were as heartily, though not quite so boisterously, welcomed as we had been by the master of the house. Besides the wife, who was a very pretty, charming woman, there was a young lady on a visit, whom they called Caroline. She had a pair of eyes—pooh, nonsense! every woman has a pair of eyes.

After luncheon, Hicksie's cousin must carry us off to his brick-fields, which was a very inhospitable proposition, as it broke off a delightful tête-à-tête between me and "Caroline." There was no help for it, however, and away we went, driven there in the cousin's mail phaeton.

Bless us, what a quantity of bricks! Enough, we thought, to have built a town; but the cousin said there were very few—none at all, in fact. Stocks, grizzles, placers, shuffis, bats! We became quite learned in the nomenclature of bricks. And then there were the pug-mills, and the chalk-mills, and the hacks (which were not horses), and it is impossible to say what besides;—unless, indeed, mention may be made of the great heap of ashes, all brought from the London dust-bins, and which the cousin astonished us by saying that this very insignificant looking mass of rubbish was worth—ay, and had cost him—many hundred pounds. So, after we had learnt everything touching the art and mystery of brick-making, and had gone up a ladder to stand on a sulphurous kiln, and had paid our "footing" when we came down, we got into the carriage again, bringing with us on our boots an agglomeration of stiff clay, enough to make a dozen bricks. Then we drove round by North Hyde; here there were more bricks: the whole of that part of the country was nothing but bricks, and by night the glare from the burning kilns seemed like some wide-spread conflagration.

And now it was time that we should be returning to the cottage; for the dinner was to be an early one in consideration of the drive to town which Hicksie and I had before us. So, the cousin put the steam on a little, and we reached the house in time to set Mason and Jennings and Roger to clear some of the clay from our boots, and to get ourselves into presentable order again.

And what a dinner it was! The cousin said there was nothing; only just a huge piece of roast beef, a turkey, and a brace of partridges, and some teal; not to speak of the bit of Severn salmon to begin with, nor the tarts, Christmas pudding, jellies, and blanc-manges to end with. I am ready at any time to make a declaration before a justice of the peace, notary public, or Master in Chancery, that Caroline had a finger in the making of that jelly and that cross-barred tart: they were both so nice! But what was the jelly, and what the cross-barred tart, to the charm of sitting by the side of the pretty Caroline, whose—Well, never mind! And yet, how beautifully she sang after we went into the drawing-room: I could have sat there all night long, and for ever; and should have done so, if that abominable Jennings, that son of a burnt father, had not interrupted us with the announcement that the "horse was to." Oh, miscreant Jennings, wretch, varlet, "brimstone pig;" there is no name too bad for thee.

On went the great-coats, however, and the comforters—mine was anything but a comforter, for it seemed that in putting it on I was taking off all hope of comfort. Three times I forgot that I had shaken hands with Caroline, and went and did it over again: the last time, I thought she smiled; no wonder, perhaps. I might have still lingered on, had it not been for the sharp "Now, then," of Hicksie, who had already seated himself in the trap, and was getting impatient. Thus suddenly recalled to myself, I bolted out into the darkness, stumbling over the step, and nearly knocking my head against the wheel. Of course we wished the cousin good night, and thanked him heartily for his hospitality; told him he was a perfect "brick" himself, and finally, having "nailed" him to come and dine with us at our club the following week, away we drove.

What a dreary drive it was: every mile that carried me further on sent my thoughts still further back to the pretty cottage and its prettier inmate. Neither Hicksie nor I spoke much on the road home: once, after noticing that I had been sucking a cigar for half an hour without smoking, he asked me if I had a light; and I answered "brilliant"—but I was thinking of Caroline's eyes. I fancy that Hicksie must have had serious thoughts, two or three times that

evening, of the propriety of cutting across the country to Hanwell, and depositing me there, as one very much needing the sanative influence of the asylum.

At last we got to the Chambers: and then to bed. What a den after the trim little cottage; and what a contrast to be "done for" by that horrid old catamaran of a laundress. Imagine her having a finger in the making of one of those cross-barred—Faugh! don't mention it!—

"Oh, Caroline, Caroline,
In that little name of thine
There is music most divine;
Caroline, oh Caro—"

"Confound you, what a row you are kicking up;" bawled Hicksie, from the next room; "go to sleep, will you!"

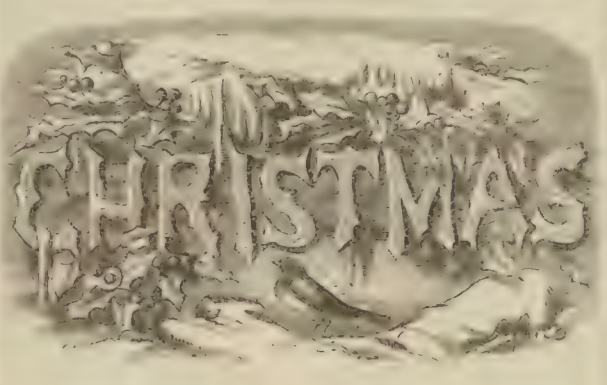
I suppose I must have gone to sleep, in obedience to Hicksie's orders; for I dreamed—dreamed that I saw Caroline throned upon a brick-kiln, with a trowel in one hand, and dressed as a bride, and looking very majestic; quite like, or infinitely better than, Britannia on the penny pieces; then presently the kiln turned into a church with a pug-mill for a pulpit, and Caroline and I were going to be married; but somebody—I think it was the Master of the Rolls—said that by a new Act of Parliament, Victoria 50 cap. 1000, it was impossible we could be married until I had built, with my own hands, a pretty, snug little cottage for us to live in: so I set to work immediately, and was getting on famously; the cottage was nearly up in a trice; but somehow, as fast as I built it up on one side, a score of malignant fairies would knock it down on the other; and there they were, knock, knock, knock—what a din: and with the din, I awoke.

Knock, knock, knock! Surely I couldn't be awake. And yet the daylight was shining in at the window: but there was still the same knocking of my dream.

Knock, knock, knock! "Come, I say, old fellow; are you never going to get up? Why, it's half past nine!"

It was Hicksie's voice. And I declare it was half past nine! By Jove, how shall I manage about that appointment at ten?

H. B.



BY SHIRLEY BROOKS.

CHRISTMAS comes, but not with bearing such as we have loved to hail; Comes with sable on his garment, comes with forehead bent and pale. Ah! we greet no roysterer's Christmas, he who in the olden times Bade us roar a jovial chorus to the music of his chimes.

Yet his bells are madly leaping—leaping in their rocky towers, Shouting to the winds of winter for this festival of ours. But there floats a deeper meaning through their wild, impassioned roar, Than those iron lips have ever launched upon the gale before.

List, as in exulting clamour wave on wave of joy is thrown, Listen to the reluctant murmur, with its sad, repining moan. Now—again—the lofty joy-notes thunder in tumultuous surge, Now—again—the low-toned chiding of the melancholy dirge.

And the voices in that chiding wail the early-summered band That was with us in the spring-time, now is in the Spirit-land; Wail for those whom distant regions saw delivered to their rest, Garnered in the restless ocean—folded to earth's throbbles breast.

No,—we greet no roysterer's Christmas; this the dying year hath brought

Sobered, if not sicklied over, with the paler cast of thought; Rather greet him as we welcome home a treasured friend of yore, Coming to a board where some he loved will meet his glance no more.

Yet no mourning, no dejection. Hopes are high and hearts are strong! Fill the wine-cup, speak the homage, pledge the health, and raise the song!

It were shame upon our mission did we pass the goblet by, Closing such a year with sadness—silent tongue, and drooping eye.

Raise the wine-cup! Though it chanceth we have fallen on stormy days; Strike no sunshine's golden arrows through the cloud and through the haze?

Is it nought that Freedom's banner to our honoured hand is given, And our grasp is on the only falchion ever blessed by Heaven?

Shout! Not now for deeds of heroes,—not for England's old renown; Not because her lion-children rend the fiercest foeman down; Not for legions wildly flying, and their standards reft and torn, Gentler thoughts befit the morning when the Prince of Peace was born.

Gentler!—aye,—and grander, prouder! Lightly let no word be said. What is Peace, if not the cause why England's sword is bare and red? What she holds her chiefest glory,—what her life-blood shall defend; What she claims and wins, if needed, for the friends who call her friend.

Freedom!—freedom!—that is Peace. A slave alone has peace in chains. Better wage a life-long battle while one fetter-link remains.

'Twere a mad blasphemer's raving, were that holy name bestowed Where a despot's will o'er-rideth the august command of God.

Right of faith, and right of utterance—laws no tyrants break or buy, Freeman's claim to speak his boldest to his fellow's ear and eye; Right to choose life's path and duty—right to choose the altar where Judged alone by Him he worships, may the freeman make his prayer.

That is Peace—all else is mockery. Shall a Christian dare to say Those are not her sworn Crusaders who—perchance this Christmas day—

Strike at yonder impious despot, self-proclaimed as God and Lord, Trampler of each right of manhood,—ruler by a brutal sword.

Therefore let us raise the wine-cup, mindful of the day we keep: At the health that we will challenge, every true warm heart shall leap.

Never nobler toast was proffered since at Yule the wine went round— Be it with full cup accepted, and with ringing plaudits crowned.

"Health to those who bear our banner—to the noble and the brave—

"Honour to each Christian soldier who has found a hero's grave; "May our champions, home among us, ere the summer-roses glow,

"Tell where Europe's Twin-Avengers dealt their last and fatal blow!"

THE MISTLETOE-SELLER.

BY ANGUS B. REACH.

THERE he goes, on the foggy December night, over the crumpling snow, the old Mistletoe-seller, his locks as hoary as the ware he vends. He might have been a Druid himself, he appears so venerable—a Druid heading the procession which carried the mistletoe to the temple, and placed it upon the altar as a sacred plant. A group of boys and girls surround him. The two to the right have bought copiously: one of them has her apron full, and the other a whole branch. It is evident that these young ladies are admirers of the osculum or kiss. A boy appears to be accompanying the old man, if not leading him. Can the Mistletoe-seller be blind? A second glance at his shut eyes shows that this is the sad truth. A little girl to the left, with her bonnet hanging from her neck, seems a sly touch at the prevailing foolery. She carries a basket on her left arm, and there is a sort of a symptom of a goose in it. With her right hand she holds the left of a sturdy little urchin, who grasps in his right hand a small branch of the magic exorcisee. Both are gazing intently at the large bunch which the blind old man carries; as are also behind him a pretty full-cheeked bright-eyed girl, with a boy (perhaps her brother), each apparently enraptured at the thought of coming kisses.

Well, let me turn from Mr. Foster's charming design, with the hope that the old gentleman will sell all his stock, at good prices, without being necessitated to trudge long in the snow, and turn for a minute or two to the ancient Druids, of whom, I think, Norma, Orovoso, Adalgisa, give the best living representation. The latter, as well as the children, are clad in white robes, and so are Grisi and Orovoso, with the addition, in the case of the prophetic, of a light blue mantle, and a wreath of oak leaves and acorns encircling her brow. The moon shines on the sacred groves, and the Druidic stones stand like petrified ghosts along dreary Stonehenge. There is a gong attached to one fine old fellow of an oak, the monarch of the wood, which shows that the Druids were up in the composition of bell metal. Norma, stretching forth her white left arm, strikes three strokes, and the Druids, men and women, come marching in to a choral air, which does Bellini credit. It will be remarked that the beards of some of the priests are rather askew, which shows that the Druidical barbers did not understand their business, or perhaps the press of it caused the defect. Then Norma, having two baskets and a reaping-hook brought to her, by two of the damsels of the temple, proceeds to cut the sacred mistletoe, which, with the hook, she deposits in the two baskets still held by the damsels, who then retire, probably to place the offering on the altar of the gods. There are learned authorities who say that the mistletoe was cut by the Druids, not the Druidesses, and that it was cut with a scythe, not a reaping-hook. Others not less profound maintain that it was cut by a brass hatchet attached to a shaft; but I hold the reaping-hook to be far more poetic than either scythe or hatchet—Ceres is one example, and Grisi is another. Both are emblems of summer, and of the gathering in of the harvest—in one case of the wheat, in the other of the bank notes.

Grisi then comes forward and sings to the moon, addressing it as "Casta Diva," which proves that the Druids were originally Italians and that they still preserved the musical tongue of the South. Through the details of the representation I shall not wander, farther than to remark that ancient priestesses of the mistletoe had their little peccadillos, that Roman proconsuls were not all so implacable to female charms as Cato, and that some Druid priests, not many I suspect, were severe moralists.

I now wish to say a few words in order to show my extensive learning, premising that I owe them to the excellent "Every-Day Book" of Mr. Hone. From thence I confess to have stolen the scythes and the axes and I now restore them, adding that, according to Mr. Brand, the ceremony of cutting the mistletoe was preceded by a grand procession of the people, that the bards walked first, no doubt singing and playing on their harps. A herald, which proves that the Druids used armorial bearings on their carriages, their seals and their spoons, preceded three Druids with the implements for the cutting. Then came the Prince—Mr. Brand ought to have called him the Archbishop or the Cardinal, or even the Pope—of the Druids, accompanied by all the people. He mounted the oak with a golden sickle, cut the mistletoe—which, by the way, was called "All heal"—and distributed it to the "inferior clergy," who on New Year's Day dispersed it to the people,—there must have been very few people or a great deal of mistletoe if each received his or her portion on New Year's Day—as a sacred and holy plant, crying "The mistletoe for the New Year!" That the Pope of the Druids climbed up the tree and used a sickle—the first operation being ignoble unless indeed he had a ladder, and the second inconvenient to a degree—I do not believe, and I am backed in my infidelity by the example of Grisi, in Norma, who neither climbs the tree nor uses the sickle. In fact my private opinion is that Grisi, about two thousand years ago, was a Druidess, and remembers the real ceremonies, so that she is undoubtedly the best authority.

But let us pass to modern times. Mistletoe was abolished in the Christmas decking of churches because it was found to set the young ladies and gentlemen a reading the marriage service. Holly was retained to indicate to them the dark monotony of matrimony and the numerous thorns with which it abounded. Mr. Archdeacon Nares, who seems properly interested in the subject, states that it was removed from the churches to the kitchen or servant's hall. Since his time, however, it has been raised to the parlour and the drawing-room, without, however, reducing the quantity of kissing in the lower regions. For the truth of this *vide* Dame Durden *passim*. The amount of smacking which went on in the establishment, with or without the mistletoe, of that respectable female must have been startling.

Dame Durden kept five serving girls

To carry the milking pail,

She also kept five labouring men

To use the spade and flail.

'Twas Moll and Bet, and Doll and Kate, and Dorothy Draggetail,

And John and Dick, and Joe and Jack, and Humphry, with his flail,

'Twas John kissed Betty,

And Dick kissed Betty,

And Joe kissed Dolly,

And Jack kissed Kitty,

And Humphry with his flail,

Kissed Dorothy Draggetail,

And Kitty she was a charming girl to carry the milking pail!

I recommend the sharp practice of the servitors of Mrs. Durden, not only to all the servants' halls—but all the parlours and drawing-rooms within these realms and without them.

Furthermore, I give them this bit of antique lore—which, being old, must necessarily be true—that any girl who is not kissed under the mistletoe will assuredly not be married before next Christmas at the very least. Even the very act of leaving the mistletoe has been attended with fatal consequences. We read that—

"The mistletoe hung in the Castle Hall."

And that—

"The Baron looked with a father's pride

On his beautiful child, young Lovel's bride."

And that—

"I'm wearied with dancing (or kissing) now," she cried;

"Do tarry a moment; I'll hide, I'll hide."

Everybody knows the deplorable results from which I deduce the motto:

"Don't forsake the mistletoe."

I understand that it is, or was, etiquette for the gentleman who kisses the lady to pull off and present her with either a twig, a berry, a leaf, or a blossom of the branch. If this be the present practice, I recommend that the Founder of the Feast do provide about one sack full, so that he can ring the bell and say to Jeames, "Two mistletoes to follow."

I am giving all these useful hints and excellent pieces of advice to young ladies and gentlemen, and also to old ladies and gentlemen, for the latter are every bit as fond of a sounding kiss as in the bloom of their youth and the maturity of their man and womanhood. They sometimes perform the ceremony, formally, however, and in the good old fashioned style. The old gentleman, in his long waistcoat and frilled shirt, makes a low bow, the elderly lady rises, and achieves a stately curtsy, forming a balloon of the full skirts of her antique brocade. Then the pair walk hand in hand to beneath the mistletoe, and the old gentleman delicately touches, with his not yet withered lips, the slightly rouged cheeks of the elderly lady. Then there is another bow and curtsy, and a third when the gentleman conducts the lady to her seat.

How different all this from the free and easy usages, particularly at Christmas time, of the young ladies and gentlemen of the present generation. The mistletoe time is, indeed a licensed saturnalia, and it is amply taken advantage of. What romping—what slight pretty screaming—what tittering—what make-believe running away—and what bold standing under the mistletoe! The small fry of short-frocked misses and jacketed masters are never tired of kissing each other, while another class of determined *osculatores* are the rather scrump and running-to-seed young ladies of thirty-five, who are getting desperate, and the jolly bald-headed bachelors who kiss every girl who comes in their way. Modest boys, on the contrary, withdraw into corners, and talk about their schools, and munch as many grapes and almond-cakes as they can get hold of; and their fright is excessive when the lady of the house, with a couple of pretty girls of about their own ages, by her side, advances to the timid hinds, and presents Miss Viola Danby to Master Frederick Mannering, and Miss Annie Morton to Master Edward Brown. The young ladies make graceful curtseys, and the two schoolboys awkward bows. However, they give the young ladies their arms, and parade them round the room, thinking what to say. If the young lady be clever and off-hand, she sees and pities the perplexity of her companion, and begins to rally him about his backwardness, and to hint that that is a beautiful mistletoe, and so forth, until Master Frederick Mannering musters up courage and, with a red face, stammers out—"Wouldn't you like to be kissed under it?"



THE MISTLETOE SELLER. DRAWN BY FOSTER.

"Oh, what a question to a lady!" titters pert Viola, with an obvious glance of her bright black eyes; and Fred, making a desperate effort, finds himself under the mistletoe, and kissing Miss Viola, not once, but half-a-dozen times; so that the ice thus broken, they get quite confidential, and take another sort of ice together.

And so the night wears on. Whist-playing—the Christmas-tree—flirtation on the stair-case—dowagers conversing about flannels and rheumatism, and young ladies and gentlemen about flower-shows, the Opera, French plays, and the new style of ladies' bonnets, until supper is announced, and there is a great fluster about the seats, and young gentlemen and ladies manoeuvre to sit by each other, and the "smallest possible piece of the wing of a chicken," or the "breast of a turkey," is in demand. Also, "I'll thank you for a slice of that beef. I like it cut fat, and not too thin," and "a leg and a wing of that goose," from old practitioners at suppers, who have no notion of being starved.

So fowls tied together by ribbons, and the turkey, and the goose, and the round of beef, and the *entre-mets*, and the *hors d'œuvres* begin gradually to hide their diminished heads; and, amongst the snapping of motto-papers, and the popping of champagne corks, silence is proclaimed, and the master of the house stands up, gives three loud hems, and proposes—"Her Majesty the Queen, and God bless her!"

But why should I follow a scene through all its phases which every reader knows by heart? Suffice it to say that the clock of St. Martin's or St. George's, or St. Marie la Bonne, or St. Pancras, each and all have "gone" four before the last cab has rattled from the door, and the linkman extinguished his lamp and entered the hall, still piled with mountains of plates, to devour his supper by the kitchen fire, and be paid for his cold night's service.

CUTTING THE ASHEN FAGOTS.

(See page 661.)

Our Illustration represents "Cutting the Ashen Fagot." The Ash is said to be the only wood that will burn green, and it is the policy of the wood-cutters to lay on as many "binds" upon the fagot as possible, as it is an old established custom that every "bind" should represent a jug of cider, not that this is the limitation of quantity consumed on the occasion, only that this is part of the ceremonial.

A hot supper is usually provided, and the wives and children of the labourers and servants, together with the farmer and his family form a jocund party, and there is no end of good solid cheer and hearty enjoyment, which lasts far into the Christmas morning.



THE CHRISTMAS GUEST.



CHRISTMAS EVE IN BRITANY.



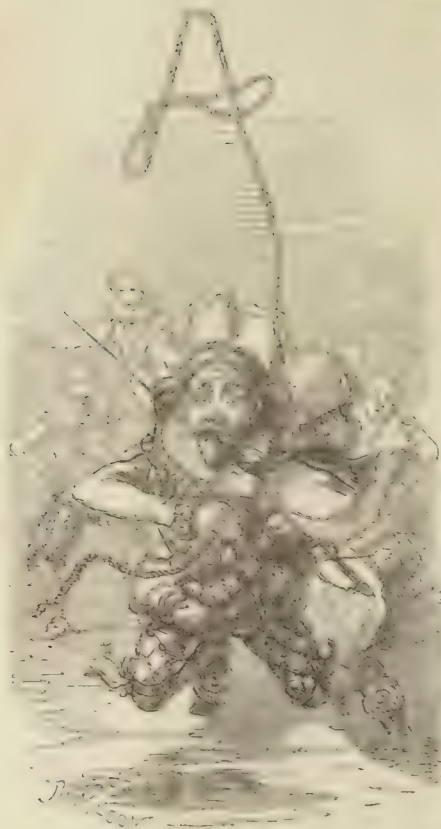
THE STAR IN THE EAST.—THE FIRST CHRISTMAS MORNING.

SPARKS FROM OUR CHRISTMAS LOG.

BY J. STIRLING COYNE.

"Come bring with a noise,
My merry merry boys,
The Christmas log to our fire,
While my good dame she
Bids ye all be free
And drink to your heart's desiring."

Hymn, "Hymns and Anthems."



II! Christmas was something to speak of and write about when old Herrick celebrated it in the foregoing verse. Then was the Christmas - block, or Yule-log, drawn out of the mire by the servants into the great hall or kitchen, and each member of the family sitting down in turn on the log, sang a Yule song, and drank a cup of spiced ale to a merry Christmas and a happy New Year:—then were Yule cakes and bowls of delicious furmenty eaten, and beef and bread and good strong beer were abundant in the houses of the wealthy:—then was there no lack of pleasures provided for all comers—minstrels for the great chamber, and a Lincolnshire bagpipe for the hall—"the minstrels to serve up the meats at the master's table,

and the bagpipe for the common dancing;" and amidst honest merriment and rejoicing hearts, the grotesque and rugged Yule-log was cast on the blazing fire, with prayers for the safety of the house and the happiness of its inmates until the next merry Christmas. Huge Christmas candles were lighted; and when tired of the dance, the games, and the sports—the revellers gathered round the blazing log in the wide chimney, and sang carols or told legendary tales until the midnight chimes dispersed the merry group. Charity then opened the doors of the rich to the poor and needy, and hospitality spread the feast for the welcome guest; the abundance with which Heaven blessed a man was freely shared with his fellow-creatures, and the sad heart was taught to rejoice for a season. Labour too had its rights and privileges at the merry Christmas-tide; for then the servants enjoyed an immunity from all heavy work, and were permitted to an equality with their masters and mistresses, who mingled in the sports and pastimes of the hall and kitchen; and young folks of whatever rank might kiss and be kissed beneath the branches of the mystic mistletoe, which then played a conspicuous part in the Christmas festivities. Little gifts from tenants, servants, children, and humble neighbours, were required by substantial benefits; the knot of urchins who stood outside the church door with a basket of red apples and a sprig of rosemary stuck in each, to be presented to all the congregation at the church door, had a return of copper or silver coin made to them according to the rank or liberality of the person who received the apple. But these times are gone. The mummers and carol singers, and the roast turkey and chine, and the mighty wassail bowl, and St. George and the Dragon, and all the merry gambols of Christmas are now forgotten and despised—the good old chant of—

"At Christmas be merry, and thank God of all;
And feast thy poor neighbours, the great with the small,"

is now changed to the dreary tune of—

"Down with the rosemary, and so
Down with the holly and mistletoe:
Down with the holly and all,
Wherewith ye dress the Christmas Hall."

Such were the cogitations of Mr. Septimus Sandiman as he sat alone in his study on Christmas Eve, watching the bright coal fire which diffused a cheering warmth through the apartment. He had placed his slippered feet on the fender, and sipped his wine—some old crusted port which had been twenty years in his cellar—while communing with himself—for unfortunately Mr. Septimus Sandiman was what the world calls an old bachelor, and had no wife to assist him in keeping up the conversation, or to give an interest to it by differing with him in opinion. It not unfrequently happened, therefore, that Mr. Sandiman had the best of any argument that might happen to arise while the bottle lasted. People who took an interest in the affairs of other people, naturally asked, why Mr. Sandiman—who was rich and independent, and past forty—did not marry?—and many ingenious traps were laid for him by managing mothers for their daughters, and by artful widows for themselves—but without success—he was too wary to be caught by the ordinary baits employed for the capture of weak men by the other sex.

Mr. Sandiman, though a philosopher, had one hobby which he rode on all occasions; this was a prodigious veneration for what he called "the good old times of merry England." He averred that our ancestors were far braver, wiser, and happier than their descendants—that we were neither so strong, so healthy, or so long-lived as the men of the olden time; and that the disappearance of our old English sports and pastimes, and the disuse of our national festivals and merry-makings was a sign of the decay of manhood and public spirit among us. One of his favourite themes, too, was the superior condition of the "bold peasantry" of England, before the face of the country had been changed into a vast gridiron with those cursed railroads, and the people stifled with steam, and smoke, and pestilent gas.

Pursuing these reflections, Mr. Sandiman, having nothing better to look at, continued to look at the fire, in which his fancy began to trace strange and fantastic pictures. Whimsical faces peered at him from dusky corners, and strange animals, more grotesque than the Herald's College ever created, wandered through golden forests, or couched in amber caverns; while fairy landscapes, more beautiful than any that the pencil of Mr. Beverly ever produced—palaces of topaz, and domes of pure chrysolite, rose before his eyes. Suddenly the scene changed, and he beheld a large old-fashioned apartment, in which a number of people, dressed in the costume of the Elizabethan age, were dancing and making merry. The mystic mistletoe sus-

pended from the ceiling in the middle of the room, and the branches of holly and ivy stuck around the walls, informed him that they were celebrating Christmas in the olden time. Gazing intently at the picture, it appeared gradually to expand; the sounds of music and laughter came clearly upon his ear, and the objects grew larger and more distinct, while those in his own chamber seemed to recede gradually away. At the same time he was conscious of an extraordinary change going forward in his own person. His chin, usually so smooth and snug, began to sprout into hirsute honours, and casting his eyes into the mirror over his mantel-piece, he started back on perceiving that he was furnished with a peaked yellow beard and moustache, and that his hair had grown much longer, and was combed back over his ears in a strange fashion. A doublet and a short murrey-coloured cloak, had replaced the modern black coat built by a west-end tailor; trunk-hose, garters, and square-toed shoes, with scarlet roses on the toes, completed his costume, which he had no difficulty in recognising as that commonly worn by gentlemen in the reign of the "good Queen Bess." A long sword hung by his side, and a pair of embroidered garters adorned his legs—and now that he looked at them, they were really not such bad legs at all;—the pity was that their fair proportions had been so long disguised by the absurd trowsers of the modern mode. While contemplating his altered appearance with considerable complacency, he did not perceive that he had actually moved into the picture he had been looking at, and now formed one of the company in that Christmas festivity. But although he knew that he had undergone a strange transformation, and was, in fact, what he appeared, he possessed a sort of mental duality, by which the memory and the idiosyncrasy of his other self were preserved.

The merriment was at its full height when he found himself thus unexpectedly thrown amongst the revellers, with nearly all of whom he appeared to be on terms of intimacy.

"Come, Master Markham, what do ye here moping in a corner, when you should be in the midst of the sport?" cried the burly squire, who was evidently the master of the house, giving him a thwack of his broad heavy hand on the shoulder, that made it ache the whole night after. "Remember, man, that Christmas comes but once a year; therefore, I say, pluck up a heart and be merry to-night, though it should cost thee a groat to-morrow. What game wilt thou play at, man—blind-man's-buff, or hot cockles, or shoeing the wild mare, hey? or there are other recreations becoming a gentleman—cards, tables and dice yonder, if it so please you."

"Perchance," interrupted another of the company, "Master Markham would choose rather to witness the arrival of the Dey of Tripolis, who has just entered the court-yard with a gallant train of noble knights and beautiful dames, and arrayed in splendid apparel."

Sandiman,—we still speak of him by his former name, preferring a sight of the Dey of Tripolis and suite to any other amusement, unsuspectingly accompanied his new friend into the court-yard, where he was received with prodigious cheers and laughter by the domestics and a few of the guests who, like himself, had been unwittingly inveigled to assist at the gambol of drawing Dun, the cart horse, out of the mire. This Dun, he now recollected, was the Christmas log, which was to be drawn into the hall by the servants, and as many of the company as could be induced, by various pretences, to go into the yard. He knew it was useless to resist, so laying hold of the end of a rope attached to the log, he set to work to pull it with all his strength, when suddenly the rope, which had been fastened to the log by a slip-knot, was secretly loosed by one of the servants, and poor Sandiman was thrown forward upon his face and hands in the mire; a practical joke whose success was hailed with shouts of laughter. He felt disposed at first to resent this indignity put upon him, but recollecting the licence which custom permitted to the domestics on these festive occasions, he affected to take it in good part, and assisted to draw the huge log into the kitchen, which was not done without much rude fun, caused by the pretended awkwardness of the clowns who contrived to drop the log on the toes of those who were not aware of their tricks, while they shouted at the full pitch of their voices a carol, to the tune of

"Old Dun, up draw out of the mire,
To burn upon our Christmas fire;
So dance and sing and make good cheer,
For Christmas comes but once a year."

The whole company having joined in the noise, which was rendered more dreadful by the screaming of a bagpipe, the transformed Sandiman stole off to wash his hands and face in the horse-trough, and rub his clothes dry with a wisp of straw from the stable. During his absence the log had been flung on the fire with much rejoicing, and was blazing up the broad chimney with prodigious crackling and sputtering. The hall was then cleared for dancing, an accomplishment in which the late Mr. Sandiman had never distinguished himself; still he could not decline the invitation of a buxom country wench to take her for his partner in a country dance, so with some misgivings as to his capabilities for the task he had rashly ventured upon, the music struck up, and to it they went with might and main, flinging, curvetting, and capering, until poor Sandiman was bathed in perspiration. His doublet sat strangely on him, and he felt in his pulled-out trunk-hose like a man who had got half way into a balloon. He, however, made superhuman efforts to keep pace with his vigorous partner, by whom he was whisked up and down the hall through forty couples of dancers, or carried round the room, as in a whirlwind, by the united strength of all the performers. Now, if it had been a stately pavan or a saraband, he might have had some chance; but to think of a *bravet*, that would require the agility of a harlequin and the strength of an ox to accomplish, and a figure too as complicated as that of a problem in the sixth book of Euclid: two singles on the left, two on the right, three doubles, a traverse of six round, do this twice curranto pace; a figure of eight—three singles broken down, come up, meet two doubles, fall back and then honour. Bewildered by the figure, poor Sandiman suffered himself to be dragged here and there by his partner; until sick, giddy, and completely exhausted by his exertions, he was on the point of sinking on the floor, or fainting in his partner's arms, when a joyous outcry at the lower end of the hall announced the entrance of the mummers.

It was the privilege of these uncouth clowns, who represented the ancient Lord of Misrule and his attendants, and were dressed in grotesque costumes, to commit whatever rudeness and indecency they pleased, without hindrance or remonstrance. First, then, after bowing with mock ceremony to the company, a fellow with a great red pasteboard nose, a wig and long beard of flax tow, and a long staff in his hand, meant to represent Father Christmas, advanced, and with furious gesticulation and action, bellowed forth the following doggerel lines:—

"Here come I, old Father Christmas;
Welcome or welcome not,
I hope old Father Christmas
Will never be forgot."

I am not come here for to laugh or to jeer,
But for a pocketful of money, and a skinful of beer;
To show some sport and pastime,
Gentlemen and ladies in the Christmas time.
If you don't believe what I say,
Come in, the Turkish Knight—and clear the way."

The Turkish Knight entered accordingly, and was, if possible, a more truculent-looking knave than the other. He wore a great white cloth twisted round his head for a turban, and was accommodated with an old breast and back-plate, and a rusty sword. The King of Egypt and St. George were rather decently fitted with

armour borrowed for the occasion from some of the gentry in the neighbourhood. The fair Sabra, the daughter of the King of Egypt, was a great hulking butcher's apprentice, who looked sheepish enough in his female attire. The Dragon, a "parlous beast" indeed, with a painted paper head, saucer eyes, and a long tail of some coarse kind of linc, stitched over with ivy leaves to resemble scales, was personated by a valiant little tailor, who, having already drunk too much strong ale, maintained a most desperate conflict with Saint George, and would not be "brought to slaughter" by that worthy knight until the King of Egypt and "the fair Sabra, his daughter," assisted by the Turkish Knight, fell altogether upon the drunken Dragon, and by dint of pummelling and throttling, reduced him to something like submission, and finally kicked him out of the hall. Thus ended in rude disorder the Christmas play, with which, notwithstanding, the company were highly delighted—a circumstance that rather tended to lower the exalted estimate Mr. Sandiman had formed of the manners of our ancestors. After the play a ladle was carried round by the buffoon or fool of the piece, to receive the contributions of the audience, who laughed at the coarse jests of the fellow, as though they were the choicest witticisms. Then there was more guzzling of ale, more singing, and more shouting, with which the Mummers departed, to repeat the same riotous pranks in some other house.

It must be owned that Mr. Sandiman had as yet little enjoyment in the boisterous merriment of "Merry Christmas;" he sat apart from the company in the recess of a deep bay window—which being unprovided with shutters or curtains, was favourable to the free passage of the cold frosty air that whistled through the chinks and crevices of the sash. Then he thought of his own quiet comfortable study—so warm and cosy—with its damask window-curtains, and nice soft carpet, and began to feel that with reference to rheumatism our forefathers showed they knew little about the matter.

But he kept his opinions to himself, hoping that he might discover something to make amends for his sufferings. The sports had begun again; and being called on to assist in Shoeing the Mare, he received a kick in the stomach from Dickon, the gardener, who performed the part of the Mare, which sent him sprawling on his back in the middle of the hall, amidst shouts of laughter that shook the old walls. Hot Cockles, Blind-Man's-Buff, and Hunt the Slipper, followed, in which he got cuffed and thumped till his ears tingled and his bones ached—not that he was worse treated than the others, but it was the custom to give and receive those rough compliments with good-humour at Christmas-tide. But what most shocked Mr. Sandiman,—who was a man of strict morality and a respecter of female delicacy—was the coarseness of the revelry—jest of too gross a description to be now tolerated in the lowest public-houses at Wapping were laughed at by the young women, and generally "capped" by the more daring matrons—who were, however, unconscious of committing any impropriety by these playful interchanges of wit. Mr. Sandiman was beginning to feel himself very much out of his element, and not at all at his ease, when the order was given to set the tables for supper.

"Aha!" thought he, "I shall be right here. The pastimes of our ancestors are, I find, more violent than amusing; I can't say either that I approve of their dancing, and 'Selling's Round' is particularly disgusting to me. Neither am I satisfied with their music, it is decidedly discordant and distressing to ears that have been accustomed to the Italian Opera and the Philharmonics; their mummers and disguisings have certainly a flavour of antiquity about them—'tis a pity they are so rude and so exceedingly stupid; then for their games, I must admit that they are not fit for decent society,—such coarse, vulgar, boisterous mirth could only be relished by savages; but their suppers are quite different; they decidedly excelled us moderns in the real hearty enjoyment of a Christmas supper."

His reflections were interrupted by the entrance of a couple of fellows with armsful of green rushes, which the maids scattered over the floor; then the heavy oak tables were dragged into the centre of the hall, and the chairs and benches placed "orderly" for the company, who began to get impatient for the appearance of the catables. At the upper end of the table, where the master of the house, his family, and friends sat, the tables were covered with a coarse carpet-like cloth; but at the lower end where the servants and lower class of visitors were placed, there was nothing to conceal the bare boards of the table. Then the great Christmas candle was lighted and placed in the centre of the table; but the smoke and smell of the yellow flaring lamps, fed with grease, which were hung about the hall, was by no means agreeable to Sandiman, who recollected with something like a reproaching conscience the clear beautiful light of his white wax or composite candles, and the brilliancy of the gas-lights in the streets and shops of London, which he had so often abused. The supper was served with a good deal of rude ceremony. One of the scullions preceded the chief cook, who carried the head dish, armed with a wooden ladle, and cleared a passage through the crowd of idle loungers—half beggars and half helpers—who filled the lower part of the hall, by striking them over the heads with his ladle, crying out, "Room there, masters," "Make way, knaves," "Way, my masters." The head dish was not the ancient boar's head—which was then rarely produced but at great feasts in noble houses—but there was the time-honoured goose in its stead. Sandiman looked in vain for the royal peacock, the aristocratic swan, or the much-prized crane,—there were none of them present; but there was no scarcity of substantial fare, huge pieces of roast beef, and quarters of mutton; a conger eel salted, a couple of fresh salmon baked, brawn, roast pig, turkey, capons; mustard, tureens of plum porridge, pancakes, mince pies, bowls of cream, pigeons, wild ducks, and widgeons; haunches of venison, and black jacks reaming with ale, mead, and cider, were set upon the table in abundance. Plates there were none, but wooden platters deeply scored and hacked from long service. Sandiman liked the preliminaries well enough, and his appetite having been wonderfully improved by his exercise during the evening, he was preparing to attack the wing of a capon, when he discovered that he had got no fork; and then recollected that forks had only been recently introduced into England by Tom Coryate the traveller, and were utterly unknown in the country. The large dishes were carved by the servants, and the plates of the guests were heaped with piles of roast, boiled, and fried, all together. Each person plunged his hand into his victuals and conveyed the meat to his mouth with his fingers; nobody ever thought of changing his platter, the mere suggestion would have been considered a proof of arrant coxcombry. The men ate of everything that came before them indiscriminately, and with appetites like wolves; and the ladies ate like men—aye, and drank like men, swallowing draughts of strong ale and cider, and pledging their neighbours with hearty good will. The sight of so much eating quite took away Sandiman's relish for supper; and when he came to use his fingers for a fork, he felt so awkward that he could not eat a morsel. He wished to taste the ale, but was deterred by seeing the man who sat next him seize the black-jack and plunge his greasy lips and mustachios into the frothing liquor. This completely disgusted him, and he would have risen from table hungry and thirsty had not a mess of plum porridge and a wooden spoon been luckily set before him.

But now the cry of "Wassail! wassail! wassail!" arose from the servants at the lower end of the hall, and was caught up and repeated by the guests at the upper table. Hereupon the butler, with a white napkin round his neck, entered, bearing the huge wassail-bowl, decorated with ribbons and sprigs of rosemary, followed by servants carrying a pile of cups, and others with basins, ewers, water, and napkins for the select company to wash their hands; a ceremony that

considering the state they were in, was much required. Then there was a "noyse of minstrels,"—and a confounded noise it was—and a carol, or wassail song, was sung.

After this the master of the house took the bowl, and pledging to the health of his guests, passed it to the person on his left hand, who, having drank to the master and the company, and wished them a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year, plunged his face in the bowl, and took a deep draught of the lamb's wool, while the roasted pippins floating in the spicy beverage bobbed against the drinker's nose or lip, reminding one of the mischievous pranks of Puck,

"—sometimes lurk I in a gossip's bowl
In very likeness of a roasted crab;
And when she drinks, against her lips I bob
And on her wither'd dewlap pour the ale."

Thus the bowl passed from hand to hand, and from lip to lip, and the coyest maiden refused not to "leave a kiss upon the cup" for her lover's behoof; until the strong ale and mead began to take effect upon the revellers. The men-servants hailed the maids under the mistletoe-bough, to ride, according to Christmas misrule, the kisses, which were not surrendered without much screaming and struggling. A crowd of beggars and mumpers who swarmed round the doors squabbled for the broken victuals thrown amongst them by the domestics, and a number of savage dogs snapped and fought underneath the tables for the scraps and bones flung there during supper or scraped away by the servants when they came round with their "voyding knives" to clear the board. Carols and wassail songs were sung over and over, and dancing recommenced with greater vigour and less order than before;—contentions too sprung up amongst the guests, and loud and angry words might have been followed by hard knocks, if the worshipful squire had not interposed his influence and authority to preserve the peace. Mr. Sandiman, who was of a pacific temper, and detested brawling of every kind, resolved to make a timely retreat from the riotous scene, but on attempting to walk, found that either the ale or the plum-porridge had been too strong for his head: the lights seemed to dance before his eyes, and the floor to slip from beneath his feet; the music, and laughter, and cries, all mingled in one loud roar; the dancers appeared to be whirling with inconceivable rapidity round him, like the Willis round their victim in the ballet of *La Giselle*. He felt confused, bewildered, helpless, and tried to reach a seat, but in making a desperate effort to accomplish his design, a dancing table, that had stepped out to tread a measure with a stately straight-backed chair, treacherously tripped him up, and left him sprawling on the floor.

The shock broke the spell:—the Squire's old hall and the Christmas revel had passed away; Mr. Sandiman was lying beside his chair on the hearth-rug in his own quiet study, his candles had burnt low in their sockets, his fire was nearly out, and so was his wine. Rubbing his eyes and his elbows, he tried to collect his bewildered senses, and after a while began to comprehend what had happened; he had been asleep, had "dreamed a dream," and had kept his Christmas as it was wont to be kept two centuries and a half since, by our jovial ancestors in the "Good old Times of Merry England." He concluded that his feet had slipped from the fender while he slept, and that losing his balance, he had fallen from his chair.

But that night's vision caused a marked change in Mr. Sandiman's opinions respecting Christmas as it was, and Christmas as it is. He ceased to talk about the pleasant gambols and rare sports of our ancestors; and he actually confessed to pretty Fanny Dalston—while pulling motto crackers with her after supper, at a pleasant Christmas party given by his friend Thomson at his villa near Norwood—that although Christmas was observed with great hospitality and boisterous mirth by our ancestors, they were far behind us in those social amenities and gentle courtesies that give a true zest to the pleasures of the intellectual mind. And he might have added, that although the spirit of Charity does not now manifest itself in riotous feasts and revelling on high festivals, it still dwells amongst us, and consecrates the Christmas season by deeds of pure benevolence that make glad the humble home of many a poor man.

ACTING CHARADES.

A CHRISTMAS Evening without a good frolicking game of Acting Charades is simply a Christmas evening lost! gone!! thrown away!!!

Well! perhaps this language is a little too severe. No Christmas evening can be utterly wasted. The mere fact of a family meeting together and breaking bread, does its good. You seem to start on the new year with a lighter and happier heart; every shake of the hand, each kindly word, is so much courage and strength to support you through the next twelve months' journey through life; it is as if your best friends had assembled to "see you off," and wish you pleasant 365 days' travelling down the railroad of time. There is no doubt of it. Christmas is and always was a very pleasant time, and should not be abused, even though the evening should be passed without Acting Charades.

But we still assert that for a Christmas evening to be perfectly jolly, this magnificent game should be introduced. It is as necessary as mince-pies or plum-puddings, or other good things. Unfortunately you cannot—it's a sad thought—be always eating these glorious dainties; and the next best thing to them that we know of, is Acting Charades. We know many an old gentleman, who would have fallen asleep in the drawing-room, and perhaps gone home and had an indigestion, if he had not been forced to join in this fun. We know many an elderly lady, who if she had not been pressed into the amusement, would have sat still drinking tea until her health must have suffered severely from the imbibition; and we could give the names of at least fifty little boys and girls, who if they had not been acting Charades, would most certainly have been sent to bed by eleven, whereas they were indebted to this delicious sport for being allowed to sit up till one o'clock, and being very ill and cross all the next day.

We could, if we chose, mention a great many more of the benefits which we know to have resulted from this game. A young lady—a distant relation of ours—got married through it, despite a strong cast in the eye and a decided irregularity of the front teeth. A young fellow, in a government office—with whom we were excessively intimate—sprained his ankle whilst acting, and was thus enabled to stay at home for more than a month after he was perfectly recovered. Lots of little boys and girls have torn their clothes at the fun, and have had bran new suits and dresses given to them. With such evident benefits, we feel certain that every well-regulated mind will agree with us, that of all games that ought to be played on a Christmas evening, the very best one is Acting Charades.

The rules of this game are these:—the two most imaginative young ladies in the company are selected as the manageresses of the troops of actors. They choose their sides, and whilst one band is enacting a charade, the other remains seated as the audience. A word is then fixed upon by the corps dramatique, which has gone out of the room, and "my first, my second, and my whole" is gone through, as puzzlingly as possible, in dumb show, each division making a separate and entire act. When the drama is ended, then the audience commence guessing at the word that has been performed. If they are successful then they take their turn at acting, if not, they must still remain in their seats as lookers-on.

One rule, and a most important one, is, that not a word must be spoken. Everything must be played in the most relentless pantomime. The actors must be as dumb as Cerito, but then they may,

if they like, be as graceful. Occasionally an exclamation is permitted, such as a sigh or a groan; the "oh" of joy, or the "ah" of surprise, may in cases of emergency be introduced. It would be difficult to explain to, even the most enlightened, audience, that a young gentleman, in a white waistcoat and polished leather boots, was a barn-door cock, unless he was permitted to crow a little; or who would imagine that a lovely young lady, with a wreath of roses round her head and white kid gloves on her hands, was neither more nor less than a house dog, unless she be allowed to bark every now and then. But these indulgences should not be presumed upon.

Placards are legitimate. We do not object to a line or two written on a sheet of letter-paper. Yes! we allow placards.

The next great point to be observed, is the perfect good feeling that should exist between the ladies and gentlemen acting. We regret to say, that we have, on one or two mournful occasions, witnessed ebullitions of temper that have greatly pained us. One Christmas evening we distinctly beheld a very pretty girl, box the ears of a youth with light brown hair, pinky eyes, and thin legs; because it was his duty as the enamoured swain of the drama, to kiss her on the forehead. To avoid such unpleasant occurrences, perhaps it is better to omit all embracing incidents. It may lead to blows; and, even if it does not go so far as that, still it is sure to inspire jealous feelings in the pure bosoms of all the other youths who are present.

The expression of the human emotions in dumb show, has always been considered one of the sublimest efforts of human genius. Now, how would it be possible for a fellow-creature, temporarily deprived of speech, to inform an audience "that pea-soup always disagreed with him." Think for the moment, and you will at once comprehend the difficulty of pantomimic acting.

Monsieur Birouetti, that heavenly dancer, usually expressed his speechless love for any adored female by kissing a miniature, pressing it to his heart, and turning up the whites of his eyes. Monsieur Birouetti, judging from his action, always struck us as being a man who could love sincerely, so that there must have been something in his movements suggestive of that sacred and appetite-destroying flame.

Herr Carrotz was celebrated as the only faithful delineator of MADDENED RAGE. He had ground his teeth nearly away; and, before he was fifty-five, he had to wear wigs, from having pulled out all his hair. His stride, when overcome by the delirious emotion, was one of the grandest evidences of a dumb genius. He would not unfrequently shake his fist at the ceiling: but the clenched fist suggests fighting; and, unless in cases of jealousy, it is better not to hint at such things.

Anybody who has ever witnessed the acting of Mademoiselle Jane of the Stoke Pogis Theatre Royal, will never forget her DESPAIR. It tore your heart to pieces. You felt inclined to ask her if a ten-pound note would be of any service to her. Her wave of the arm, as if pushing aside all consolation, the unsteady footstep, the half-childish nodding of the head, as, with wide opened eyes, she stood gazing at the footlights,—all, everything, was perfect. And to think that this sublime creature married a ham and beef merchant.

Madame Sneesby, the proprietor of the pupils, has over and over again told us, that HOPE was the most difficult of all human feelings that a pantomimist can have to express. The finger raised to the ear, as if listening to the fond assurances that exist only in the over-sanguine brain, the bright look—so touching—so terrible—so mad; the quick jerking of the head as if all was understood—everything quite satisfactory and secure; oh! how beautiful were these! But then come the fearful, the heartrending fits of despondency, the hand passed before the eyes as if a misty picture of the sad future hung like a fog before the weeping orbs. Ah! it pains us even now to think of these affecting yet wondrous acting.

But it is in the dressing-up of the different characters that the true genius of the performer is really displayed. With a wardrobe, consisting of a few shawls, sticks, umbrellas, and stair-carpet, must HARRY THE EIGHTH be clothed in royal magnificence, or ALEXANDER THE GREAT come forward decked in the warlike covering of a conqueror. These are the difficulties of the game, these are its glories. The ingenious actor must cast his quick eye around and fix upon the properties emblematical of royalty, nobility, pauperism, or any other condition that can be denoted by outward signs.

What could replace the point-lace collar of Charles the Second's time better than the anti-macassar of the present day?

Could the star on the breast of the order-bearing diplomatist be more fittingly represented than by the glass ornaments placed to catch the falling drops of the wax candles?

Could the epaulettes of a general be more effectively replaced than hair-brushes resting on the shoulder? or could the white wig of a chief justice find a better substitute than an ermine victorine fastened round the head?

All these little contrivances constitute the great fun of the game. Shout after shout rewards the ingenious contrivance, and if after a couple of hours of such harmless sport, Christmas-boxes are not doubled, and everybody does not feel thoroughly tired out and happy, then never play at acting charades again, but on the next Christmas-day sit round the fire and sleep until the plum-pludding is digested, and then go home and have nightmares and head-aches.

CAPTAIN.

A CHARADE IN THREE ACTS.

ACT I.

CAP—

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

WILLIAM TELL. GESSLER (the Tyrant). MASTER TELL
Courtiers, Guards, Peasants.

SCENE.—A market-place. A bottle of Geneva placed on a side table denotes that the scene is laid in Switzerland. From the distant passage is heard the music-roll horn of the merry Swiss boy gathering his flocks from the crags and peaks of cloud-capped staircase.

Enter SWISS PEASANTS, male and female, carrying baskets of new-laid gloves (folded up), and ripe Orleans coals. The men wear the national braces crossed over their shirts, and the ladies denote the land of their birth by wearing aprons. The multitude utter a Swiss cry of "La, la, lie-ty," and then offer each other their goods for sale.

The sound of a distant newspaper trumpet startles the peasants. They rush to the open door and look anxiously down the passage into the valley beneath. By their actions they intimate that somebody, for whom they have an extreme aversion is advancing towards them. The women kneel and implore the ceiling to protect them, whilst the men shake their fists at the wall to express that vengeance is at hand.

Enter a detachment of two FOOT SOLDIERS. They wear their dish-cover helmets, and are armed to the teeth with carpet-broom lances and drawn German silk umbrellas. They drive away the crowd, forcing it to seek the friendly shelter of a neighbouring window-curtain.

The proud GESSLER now enters on the scene. In his costly wide-awake are plumes of cut paper, and the drawing-room table cloth hangs in graceful yet gorgeous folds from his shoulders. He is surrounded by his court, each Noble arrayed with the greatest magnificence—some in shawls, others in mantles and dressing-gowns. The proud GESSLER frowns disdainfully at the multitude of Peasants. Great fear of Peasants.

A sudden thought seems to strike GESSLER. He waves his hand and a lofty fishing-rod is carried into the room. The tyrant places his costly wide-awake on one end of the pole, and orders it to be raised in the centre of the public drawing-room.

The Guards drive the multitude from shelter of window-curtains. As each one passes the pole, he or she bows. GESSLER is so pleased that he takes snuff with his courtiers.

Enter WILLIAM TELL, leading by the hand MASTER TELL, his infant son. His shirt sleeves are decorated with ribbands, and slung to his back is his bulky umbrella of a quiver. He stands for a moment resting on his unstrung bow of coach-whip, and contemplates with disgust the bowing crowd.

The tyrant GESSLER motions to TELL that he also must bow to the Cap. TELL laughs contemptuously, and knocks down the fishing-rod pole. Confusion and uproar. The hero of Switzerland is seized by the broom-armed guards. He is in effective pantomime condemned to shoot a cricket-ball apple from the head of his infant son.

The trembling Peasants range themselves against the wall. TELL, drawing a trusty stair-rod, examines it, and then fixing it in his coach-whip bow, retires into the passage. Breathless anxiety of Peasants. Suddenly a cheer bursts from the crowd; and MASTER TELL, gracefully stepping forward, exhibits the cricket-ball apple pierced by stair-rod arrow. Great rejoicing.

Enter TELL looking daggers at GESSLER. The tyrant alarmed, rushes from the apartment. The Peasants raising MASTER TELL on their shoulders, bear him off in triumph.

Exit TELL, blessing his native land.

ACT II.

—TAIN (TEN).

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

EDWARD III., King of England.

PHILIPPA, his Queen.

EUSTACHE DE ST. PIERRE.

Nine Martyrs.

Knights, Nobles, Soldiers, and Frenchmen.

SCENE.—Vest plain before the drawing-room recalls of Calais. On one side is the arm-chair throne of the British Monarch, canopied by window curtains. Flourish of tin kettles for drums.

Enter EDWARD in his dressing-gown robes of state. On his head he wears the jelly-mould crown of England. In his hand he carries the bright-poker sceptre. His bearing denotes a conqueror.

Nobles in suits of mail dish-covers, and armed with well-tried umbrella-blades and shields of tea-trays, follow after him. Soldiers follow in regimental order, and range themselves near to the throne.

EDWARD mounts the arm-chair throne, and the troops present brooms. Flourish of music-roll trumpets.

Enter EUSTACHE DE ST. PIERRE, dressed in his humble garments of blanket tied-in at the waist by a common bell-pull girdle. He informs the audience that he is dying from hunger, and that others residing in Calais, outside the drawing-room door, are just as hungry as he is.

Enter FRENCHMEN, looking pale and emaciated. They also describe their excessive hunger and sorrow.

EUSTACHE approaching the throne craves an audience. Placing the street-door key of Calais on a footstool he presents it to EDWARD, at the same time bowing to the ground to denote that the town has surrendered to him.

The KING, angered at the protracted defence of the city, spurns the street-door key. He shakes his bright poker sceptre with rage towards the staircase. He takes the bell-pull girdle from the waist of EUSTACHE, places it round the neck of the AMBASSADOR, and, holding up ten fingers, informs ST. PIERRE that unless ten of the inhabitants submit to be hung, he will not spare the city on the staircase. Exit EUSTACHE, weeping.

Enter QUEEN PHILIPPA, beautifully arrayed in counterpane mantle of the period. Pages follow her, holding up her train of stair-carpet. EDWARD advances to meet her, and, in energetic pantomime, expresses his admiration for her beauty. Guards again present brooms. The KING leads her to the throne, and gazes fondly on her lovely countenance.

Flourish of kettles. Enter EUSTACHE DE ST. PIERRE, followed by nine martyrs, each one clothed in flowing blanket, and having a bell-pull round his neck. They advance towards EDWARD and kneel.

The MONARCH instantly orders them to be strangled. Soldiers advance to execute the cruel deed; when the QUEEN, casting herself at the feet of her husband, implores for mercy. EDWARD weeps. The Nobles and Soldiers turn their heads aside. The Ambassadors are pardoned. Exit NINE MARTYRS dancing for joy.

ACT III.

CAPTAIN.

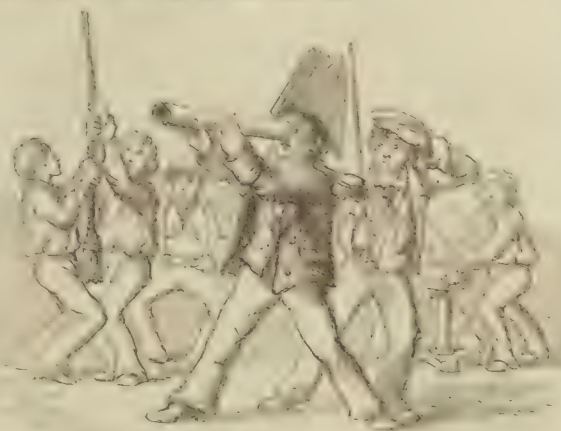
DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

CAPTAIN COOK, OFFICER, SAILORS, SAVAGES.

SCENE.—The Deck of that clipper-built vessel the "Resolution," Drawing-room, A.I.

Enter SAILORS, jumping about to show their readiness to work.

Enter CAPTAIN COOK with imposing paper cocked hat and hair brush epaulettes. He gives the necessary directions for steering the apartment. Some of the lads run to the music-stool, and begin turning the capstan to weigh imaginary anchor. Others commence pulling at the bell-rope to let go mainsail ceiling. Two of them take their places at the wheel and steer the room.



CAPTAIN COOK looks attentively through his music-roll telescope, and after a few seconds' examination proceeds to inform the audience that he can distinctly perceive land to the north-west of the fire-place. Scarcely has he concluded, when—

Enter several SAVAGES, dressed in fantastic costumes, who whoop and shout for a few seconds to prove that they are inhabitants of the Island of Owhyhee: whilst some of these unfortunate beings are conversing with CAPTAIN COOK, two of their companions attempt to steal the sofa life-boat. They are detected in their robbery and seized.

CAPTAIN COOK reproves them and orders them to be shot. Two Sailors seize the loaded umbrellas and are about to carry out the sentence, when, with a savage yell, a SAVAGE runs a walking-stick spear into the great discoverer's back.

Exit SAVAGES bounding and heeling.

DEATH OF CAPTAIN COOK.

Tableau.



A CHILD'S DREAM OF TWELFTH NIGHT. DRAWN BY CHARLES KEENE.



VERY FOND OF IT. DRAWN BY JOHN LEECH.



PIETY



LOVE



SORROW

PIETY.

PRESSING with reverend foot the hallowed sod,
Thou tread'st the earth even as the sages trod,
In the old favoured days, who walked with God!

In ways where all sweet charities do meet
Thy steps are constant as the waves' timed beat,
And airs from heaven play about thy feet.

As one for whom God's better light doth shine
The downward eyes of silent thought are thine,
Whose soul, with lifted gaze, looks straight to the Divine!

LOVE.

HOLY, and wondrous beautiful thou art,
O strength of Love! Who is there that would part
With that best music of the beating heart?

Thy sweetest tones may falter on the tongue;
The chords may break that with thy strains have rung;
But memory treasures all the soul hath sung.

Ye cannot drown it where the wild winds rave,
It hath a voice which Time and Death can brave;
For Love's undying echoes find no earthly grave.

SORROW.

THERE is no death in all the world! O vain
And idle fiction of the maddened brain!
The buried rise,—the death-struck live again!

Why weep ye with dim eyes above the lost,
They who the wider, calmer seas have crossed?
Ye, on life's shore, alone are tempest-tost.

Yield them to Him who steered them on their way!
In faith your heart upon their grave-sod lay,
Till He shall change your Night to their immortal Day.

POLYTECHNIC INSTITUTION.—Among the novelties recently produced at this institution, we have much pleasure in noticing Mr. Cooper's lectures, descriptive of a journey from Constantinople to Nineveh, and remarks upon the principal mounds and excavations. Mr. Cooper is the artist who accompanied Mr. Layard upon his last expedition, and his descriptions are marked throughout by that air of fidelity and vividness which can alone emanate from an intelligent eyewitness. The lectures are varied by amusing anecdotes, and illustrated by paintings of many of the remarkable localities visited by Mr. Layard's party. They will be highly esteemed by those who take an enlightened interest in the wonderful discoveries of Nineveh, which are so replete with instruction, both of a Scriptural and historical character. We sincerely recommend these lectures to all classes, and especially to those who visit the metropolis during the Christmas holidays.

THE OLDEST CHURCH IN THE UNITED STATES.—The *Richmond Enquirer* says that the oldest church now existing in the United States is one near Smithfield, Isle of Wight county, Va. It was built in the reign of Charles I., between the years 1630 and 1635. The brick, lime, and timber, were imported from England.

HINTS TO LADIES.—Professor Felton, in a speech at the dedication of the new Normal School at Salem, Massachusetts, mentioned, on the evidence of a medical gentleman, that, in his practice, the number of cases of ophthalmia had increased fivefold since the introduction of the present fashion of bonnets, which affords no shade to the eyes.

AGRICULTURAL PROSPERITY.—During the last three years, the sale of farm stock in Tipperary and Galway has risen from £1,410,000 to about £2,000,000 in the one case, and from £1,380,000 to about £1,900,000 in the other. Cattle of the finest descriptions are now to be seen in each of those localities. In three different periods the number of cattle and sheep owned by Ireland's agriculturists stood as follows:—

		Cattle.	Sheep.
1841	1,863,116	2,106,169	
1851	2,967,461	2,124,123	
1853	3,383,309	3,142,656	

Not less satisfactory are the decrease of pauperism and the almost total absence of agrarian outrage. Ireland is no longer "the chief difficulty" of the British Minister.

NEW DOCK AT SOUTHAMPTON.—The large new graving dock in the Southampton Docks was opened on Monday for the first time for the reception of ships, and the General Screw Company's steamer *Cressus* was the first to enter it, which she did at high water. This dock is 100 feet in length, its extreme width 88 feet, its depth over the sill and blocks 25 feet. It has cost £52,000. It is formed chiefly of brick, and 7,000,000 bricks have been used in building it. The new dock would hold a ship 100 feet longer than the *Himalaya*.

CHARGES OF FELONY AGAINST A BRISTOL MERCHANT.—The Bristol magistrates were occupied on Monday in investigating several charges of felony against an oil-merchant of that city, Mr. John Gilbert, jun., and a man in his employ named Davey. Testimony was adduced in support of the presumption that the prisoner had committed robberies to a serious extent, from the fact that for some time past he had sold oil at a much lower rate than other persons in the trade could afford to do. The result of the investigation was, that the prisoners were both committed—Davey, on the charge of stealing; and Gilbert, for receiving the oil knowing it to have been stolen.

THE NEW BRIBERY ACT AND MARYLEBONE ELECTION.—The recent Marylebone election is the first metropolitan contest since the passing of the new Bribery Act. By the provisions of that enactment the giving of cockades is forbidden. Bills for expenses are to be sent in within a month, and to be sent to the election auditor by the candidates, and no payment is to be made except through the election auditor. The candidates are to pay personal expenses and the expenses of advertising. It is now an illegal act to give refreshments to a voter on the day of nomination or polling. An account of the expenses of an election is to be made out and to be open to inspection. Each candidate is to pay the sum of £10 by way of remuneration to the election auditor, and two per cent. for the payments made on account of the election; and the reasonable expenses incurred by the election auditor in the business of the election to form part of the election expenses, and to be paid rateably and proportionably by the candidates respectively.

THE ELECTRIC TELEGRAPH IN RUSSIA.—In addition to the lines between St. Petersburg, Moscow, Warsaw, and Myslowlitz, on the southern Prussian frontier, by which the communication is effected with Vienna and Berlin, and the rest of Europe, it has already completed a line from St. Petersburg to the north of Prussia by Mariopol, to the use of which private persons will soon be admitted, though at present only State despatches are forwarded by it. Another line is to be laid from Moscow southwards as far as Orel; from there two lines branch off—one to Azof and the Caucasus, via Kursk and Charkow; the other to Odessa, the Crimea, and Bessarabia, via Tchernigow and Pultowa. From the St. Petersburg-Warsaw line a branch is to start off to Volhynia and Podolia. From Moscow a line is to stretch eastward, via Kasan, to Orenburg. From St. Petersburg a line is to be laid northwards to Archangel. From these trunk lines various accessories are to branch off to all the important fortresses; all the considerable towns along the coast of the bay of Finland are to be connected with St. Petersburg by next spring, and the line of coast along the northern coast of that bay, and along the eastern coast of the Gulf of Bothnia, is to be taken in hand. For a still later period it is reserved to undertake a line into the Asiatic dominions, branching off from Orenburg to Tobolsk, and thence to Kamschatka, touching at all the important points of Siberia. The whole is very stupendous and admirable, but the reader involuntarily asks where Russia is to find the money for all this during a war with all Europe, and if she had the money where to find the hands, just when fresh recruitings, to an unheard-of extent, are about to succeed the repeated levies of this year. By a ukase of the 27th ult., the surveys and estimates are ordered to be made for two new lines—one to form a junction between the St. Petersburg-Warsaw line (already in progress) at the Prussian frontier, with the Berlin-Königsberg line, which will be prolonged for that purpose to Stallupönen; the other from Moscow to Odessa, with a line branching off at Charkow, through Alexandrow, Hienia and Arabat, to Theodosia or Kaffa, in the Crimea. The Russian couriers manage to get from Sebastopol to Moscow, by way of Odessa, in 96 hours; and from Moscow they reach St. Petersburg by an extra train in 12 hours; thus already 108 hours suffice, when no accidents occur, to convey Prince Menschikoff's despatches from the seat of war to the centre of government.

IMPERIAL PARLIAMENT.

HOUSE OF LORDS.—MONDAY.

Their Lordships met at five o'clock.

THE WAR WITH RUSSIA.

Lord BROUGHAM, on presenting a petition, took the opportunity of expressing his regret that he had not been able to be present at the opening of the session, that he might have added his testimony to the general opinion in favour of the present war—a war against all constitutional civilisation—into which we have been plunged unavoidably; a war, indeed, of civilisation against barbarism, and against a barbarism armed with all the weapons which civilisation put into its hands, together with all the force derived from its own savage nature and its ferocity in executing acts at which humanity blushed, and which would make it shudder to have recourse to (Cheers). That such a war should be speedily and successfully terminated must be the prayer of all good men. He had no reason to lament his inability to be present on the first night, when he found that all parties were most desirous of aiding in carrying on this war, and that all were struggling how it could be most effectually supported. He wished he could have been present to join his peers in the expression of thanks to their gallant army and navy, and to congratulate the House on the completion of the treaty with Austria. The cautious course taken by Austria had been abused by those who forgot that Austria was almost surrounded by Russia; at the same time it ought to be remembered that the present war involved Austrian interests much more than the interests of the Western Powers.

EMBODIMENT OF THE MILITIA.

In answer to the Earl of Glengall, the Duke of NEWCASTLE stated that nine regiments of Irish militia had been ordered to be embodied, and it was the intention of Government immediately to order the embodiment of about as many more, making altogether a force of from 15,000 to 18,000 men. The same course was about to be taken with regard to the Scotch and the unembodied English militia regiments.

THE ENLISTMENT OF FOREIGNERS BILL.

On the motion for the third reading of this bill, the Earl of ELLENBOROUGH recapitulated the alterations which had been made in this bill in its progress through the House. Her Majesty's Ministers seemed to distrust the fidelity of these foreign troops if placed in the Mediterranean garrisons, and he could not understand how they could be trusted in the Crimea. If they revolted in Corfu, might they not desert at Sebastopol? The fifth clause gave power to the Government to make supplemental articles of war for the foreign troops. He did not believe that that clause had met with the approbation of the Commander-in-Chief, for that noble Lord, when in India, abolished these separate Articles of War under which the Indian soldiers enlisted, and placed them under the same discipline with the British soldier. He wished to know whence these troops were to come? He adhered to his opinion that there were no troops in the world like British troops. A chain cable formed of wrought and of cast iron links might look equally good in all its parts, and might act equally well in fair weather, but when the strain of the storm came the cast-iron links would be sure to give way. His wish was that the British Army should be composed, in all its parts, of wrought iron. There was a sense of personal dignity about an Englishman which he believed did not exist elsewhere. An Englishman felt if he disgraced his colours that he would be hooted when he went home—not a woman would look at or speak to him. It was different with foreigners. If they turned their backs they but disgraced the arms they had assumed, and they would go back to the banks of the Weser, or the Oder, or the Elbe, as much respected as they were before. He wanted to know what consideration we were to give these German Princes for thus obtaining the services of their subjects? If these petty German Princes were willing to sell the blood of their subjects for money—and he could not see why else they should give their consent to this system of enlistment—then he wanted to know what difference there was between this traffic and that carried on in the kingdom of Dahomey? Could that be right on the banks of the Weser which was denounced as the last atrocity on the banks of Dahomey? He confessed that his object in thus opposing the measure was to force the Government to draw their forces entirely from English subjects. He wished to drive Ministers out of that course they seemed to have adopted, of making war without a reserve; of conducting a campaign without means of transport; a system which condemned the Army to gain bloody but fruitless victories.

The Marquis of LANSDOWNE ridiculed the unduly exaggerated apprehensions entertained by the opponents of this bill, which, when brought to the light, vanished into air, like all spectres of a diseased imagination. He respected the fears entertained by the public out of doors, who did not know the provisions of the bill—he honoured them for their jealousy of the constitution—but surely noble Lords ought to know better. From the Duke of Marlborough to the Duke of Wellington scarcely a battle had been gained by Englishmen in which foreign troops had not some share. We were superior to Russia by sea—we were superior to her in wealth and in credit—we were inferior only in population. It was important that we should redress that inequality by every possible means. What was the objection to our employment of foreigners in order to redress that inequality? It was alleged that her Majesty, enlisting those troops for the purpose of foreign war, would suddenly launch them against the native population; and though the noble Earl said they were not equal to Englishmen, still it was to be supposed that the British yeomen and the British militia would be no match for them, but that they would at once extinguish the liberties of England. He thought there was not a peasant on a village green who would not laugh at such an apprehension. The Minister who, in former times, had most employed foreigners was Lord Chatham, who made it his boast that he conquered America in Germany; that was, by the employment of Germans. The battle of Minden, which was one of the most English victories of the last century, was fought with a British force inferior in numbers to the foreign force marshalled under the same banner. The Administration were as much impressed as the noble Earl himself could be with the necessity of bringing every well-trained Englishman into the field; but, having done that, they were impressed with the expediency of employing a foreign force as well, the Government being responsible for their employment and for their efficiency. With regard to the alteration of the Articles of War, all that was intended was to shape them so as to suit the habits and customs of foreign soldiers.

The Earl of DERRY rebuked the Marquis of Lansdowne for the levity with which he treated the constitutional objections to this measure. The excuse Ministers offered for not immediately embodying the English Militia was, that there was not enough of barrack accommodation for them; and yet it was proposed to quarter in this country—he presumed in barracks, but more objectionable still if billeted—some 10,000 or 15,000 foreigners. The necessity for this bill did not arise from the want of foreign troops, but from the design to organise them in England; and they were to be organised in England because we were about to levy foreigners—not from foreign Governments, but the refuse of every country in the world. It was said that in all former wars we had employed foreigners. He admitted it; but then those troops served under their own banners, and fought in their own quarrel. In the battle of Minden the English were auxiliaries rather than principals. So it was in the wars of the Duke of Wellington. There were two objections to this bill, and he had not heard a satisfactory answer to either of them. The first was, a constitutional objection to levying and training foreign troops in England; and the next was, that it would discourage the efforts that were now so energetically making in England. If the alterations in the Articles of War tended to exempt those foreign levies from corporal punishment, to which the British soldier was exposed, he thought no more dangerous cause could be taken to excite the murmurs of the British regiments. If men were wanted, he thought that large bodies of trained troops might be obtained from India. He wished to ask the Government whether any supplies of men or money for the support of this war were to be drawn from our Colonies. The North American colonies were now as independent of England as Ireland was previous to the Union—the only tie in both cases being that of the Crown. Yet was there ever a war in which England was engaged that Ireland did not contribute her assistance? He believed that the North American provinces would be as ready now to contribute both men and money towards carrying on this war. At all events, he was certain that, if England would find the money, the North American provinces would be gratified to raise three or four regiments to share all the dangers and honours of the British Army, the only difference being that the years

usually passed by British troops in this country should be passed by the American troops in their own country. Though he retained all his objections to this bill, yet, as their Lordships had affirmed its principle, he would content himself with saying "No" to the third reading.

Lord HARDINGE approved of the measure, as an attempt to get the largest force they could at the earliest possible period; and though he had every confidence in the army now in the Crimea, and in the spirit of the British people, still he could not think that would justify him in resisting this measure.

Earl GREY supported the bill, but thought there might be great inconvenience in having a difference in the Articles of War as applicable to British and foreign soldiers serving under the same banner. He did not believe there was any necessity for the clause, as it appeared to have been inserted only from the precedent of former Acts, drawn at a time when the condition of the British Army was very different to what it was now. He ridiculed the "wrought-iron argument" of Lord Ellenborough, and said there never was an army composed throughout of troops of equal quality, and that even some British regiments were considered superior to others. He thought this House and the House of Commons would take upon themselves a fearful responsibility if they refused to Ministers the means they asked for to carry on this great war; and he rejoiced, therefore, to learn that it was not intended to divide the House against the bill.

Earl GRANVILLE supported, and the Earl of MALMESBURY opposed, the bill.

The bill was then read a third time.

On the question that the bill do pass,

The Duke of NEWCASTLE agreed to strike out the fifth clause, relating to the Articles of War, which, he said, had been copied from former bills.

The clause was struck out accordingly, and the bill in its amended form passed.

REASSEMBLING OF PARLIAMENT.

In answer to a question from Lord Malmesbury as to when Parliament would meet again after the recess (so we understood the question), the Earl of ABERDEEN said, the 23rd of January.

HOUSE OF COMMONS.—MONDAY.

Several unimportant amendments in the Militia Bill were moved and agreed to. After which, on the motion of Lord J. RUSSELL, the Foreign Enlistment Bill was read a first time. Mr. DISRAELI observed that, although it was not his intention to oppose the first or second reading, he would offer the bill his most uncompromising opposition.

HOUSE OF LORDS.—TUESDAY.

PROPOSED THANKSGIVING-DAY.

The Earl of ABERDEEN, in reply to the Duke of Grafton, said that it was not the intention of the Government at present to order a special form of prayer or thanksgiving for the Divine protection during the present war. It was in the recollection of their Lordships that her Majesty graciously directed a form of prayer imploring the blessing of the Almighty upon their undertakings, and he believed there never was a form of prayer more devoutly and universally observed than that, answering as it did every purpose that could be desired. From these reasons, together with a reluctance to tamper with the Liturgy, he declined to counsel her Majesty to issue any order upon the subject.

After a few remarks from the Earl of Roden, complaining of the decision arrived at by the Government, Lord CAMPBELL expressed his perfect approval of the course which the noble Earl had adopted.

HOUSE OF COMMONS.—TUESDAY.

On the motion of the Duke of Newcastle, the Militia Bill was read a first time.

SUBSIDISATION OF FRENCH TROOPS.

Lord J. RUSSELL stated, in reply to a question from Mr. Muntz, that the only limit to the number of troops which the French Government was desirous of sending to the Crimea was the amount of transport conveyance which they could command; he added that there never had been any arrangement between the two Governments to send out French troops to be paid by the British Government.

Mr. EWART obtained leave to bring in a bill for further promoting the establishment of free public libraries in towns.

The Marquis of BLANDFORD obtained leave to bring in a bill for the better management of episcopal and caputular estates.

THE MILITIA BILL.

On the motion that the Militia Bill be read a third time, Colonel SMITHORP put a series of questions regarding the standing of militia officers, so complicated in their construction that their reading afforded the House much amusement, as no one appeared to understand them. He then rose to oppose the third reading, when he was stopped by the Speaker, as having already spoken.

The bill was then read a third time, and the Colonel was allowed to state his objections, after which the bill passed.

THE FOREIGN ENLISTMENT BILL.

Lord J. RUSSELL moved the second reading of the Foreign Enlistment Bill. As so much prejudice was felt with regard to this bill, he went at some length into the history of the country, so far as it bore on the question. The policy of England had uniformly been, whenever an individual Power in Europe attained a disproportionate extent, to use influence in the first place—her force in the second, to adjust the balance, and maintain the independence of the smaller States of Europe. That had been the policy of Elizabeth, of Cromwell, of William III., and of the statesmen in the reign of Queen Anne. But, as we never maintained a large military force, it was always the practice of the country to levy foreign soldiers. In the campaigns of the Duke of Marlborough, for instance, his army was composed of 60,000 men, of whom 40,000 only were in English pay, and 18,000 only of these were British soldiers. Other wars followed, in which the same practice prevailed. He did not pretend, indeed, to justify the employment of Germans in the American war—that, he thought, was an unjustifiable employment of foreign troops. But in the late French war no one objected to the employment of the German Legion. Mr. Fox objected to their introduction into this country, but that was because they were so introduced without the consent of Parliament. Why, then, should they now depart from their ancient policy and established practice, and lay it down as a rule that their wars should now be exclusively fought with British soldiers? It was true that they were not now, as formerly fighting with Spain or France, but with Russia; and he could not see what difference that made—Russia now being a power as preponderating as France and Spain were before. Then it was said that the bill was an indication that the country was at the end of its resources. On the contrary, it was at the beginning of a war that the greatest pressure on our resources constantly occurred. They had raised their peace establishment of 120,000 men to 150,000; but how could they expect, with the enormous dependencies which they had to guard, that this number could supply all the necessary reinforcements for the war without extraneous aid? If they determined to do that, they must be prepared to send out their recruits before they were properly drilled, at great risk and certain loss from disease. It was proposed, then, to raise a foreign force, and to bring them to this country for organisation, not to substitute them for British troops, but to act while British recruits were in course of training. He quoted the opinion of the Duke of Wellington when supporting the present Militia Bill:—

I find that with regard to the battle of Albuera the conduct of the German Legion was conspicuous and good in every point of view. At Salamanca the Duke of Wellington spoke of the gallant charge of the German Heavy Brigade. But it was, indeed, generally admitted that the conduct of that Legion was deserving of the highest praise; and I am sure every one in those days would testify to their gallantry (hear, hear). They fought in our cause—in the cause of Europe—and I do not think any person in the present day will maintain that we should not employ foreigners to fight our battles in such a cause. It was said by a person of great distinction and wit at that time—Madame de Staël—that we were, in fact, fighting the battles of Europe; and the Tories of England were the Whigs of Europe. We were then engaged against a preponderant Power, and we employed foreigners in our service. I now come to the contest in which we are actually engaged, and I ask, why are we to depart from that ancient policy, from that established practice which has tended to the success of our wars, and why we are come suddenly to discover that every war which we are in future to carry on, is to be carried on with the British army only? We are engaged now against a preponderant Power. It is not the power of Spain, or the power of France, but the preponderance of Russia that we have now to dread. Is there any reason

that we should not adopt the same means which we successfully employed before, because Russia is the Power with which we have to deal?

It had been said that surely they were not so thoroughly exhausted at the beginning of the war as to need foreign aid. But it was at the commencement of hostilities that the pressure was greatest, especially when engaged, as we were now, with so formidable a military power as Russia. Let them remember what our military system had been: whether that system was wise or unwise, we had hitherto kept a very small army on foot—

Till last year it did not exceed above 120,000 men; and these men have been employed on every service on the face of the globe where we required them (Hear, hear). They have had sometimes to guard and secure 12,000 miles of frontier in India; they have had at one time to put down a formidable insurrection in Canada; at another to spread themselves over a difficult country and meet every device of savage warfare in the Cape of Good Hope (Hear, hear). Wherever they have been called on to perform that duty which the country expected, and justly expected, from them, they performed it well and satisfactorily (Hear, hear). But when you attempt to increase suddenly these 120,000 troops—when you have to raise them on paper to the amount of 170,000, but in fact to the number only of 150,000—can you expect that that number will be able to furnish regiment after regiment, army after army, without any extraneous assistance and support (Hear, hear)? It was said by my right hon. friend the Secretary at War a few nights ago that we sent 53,000 men to the East, and that appeared to the House, as it well might, a considerable amount of force; but that number forms only one *corps d'armée* of the enemy with whom we are contending (Hear, hear). I have no doubt he has sixteen or eighteen such *corps d'armée* which he can oppose to us on the different points of his frontier, or wherever he may be attacked (Hear, hear). Now, what are the points which we have to guard? We have to guard Turkey on the various points where she is assailable. We have to guard the frontier of the Principality of Wallachia, where Turkey is not now attacked, but where she may be at a future time. We have to guard Turkey against that force which menaced her from the Crimea—which would become more menacing in future—which would be a perpetual menace to the capital and empire of Turkey if some curb was not put upon it (Hear, hear). But, thirdly, it is necessary to have a sufficient force on the Asiatic frontier of Turkey; so that while provision is made for her defence in the other parts of her empire, in the Principalities and in the Crimea, she may not be exposed on the Asiatic side. If, then, you say that you will have none but British regiments—that, for the first time in the history of this country, you will rely on British regiments alone, you will run the greatest danger that, whilst you are recruiting those regiments and furnishing your depôts, you may be called on, in order to preserve your forces abroad, to send out young men before they are properly trained, and thus expose them to destruction; while, by keeping them at home for a time, you would enable them to acquire that vigour and force with which British regiments act (Cheers). I remember having had the honour of a ride with the Duke of Wellington in the Peninsula during the war, and having seen the 10th Hussars, which had just come out. I thought them exceedingly well-appointed. I was struck with the rapidity and precision of their movements. As an ignorant civilian, I could not but be struck with the brilliancy of the spectacle. At dinner, however, the Duke of Wellington observed, "That regiment, at the end of a year, will be a very good regiment"—thus showing that even considerable training in the field is required, after training at home, to make a regiment fully efficient (Hear, hear).

It was said that the foreign troops would be fighting, not as the Germans were in the last war, in a quarrel in which they were personally interested, but that they would be fighting as mere hirelings. That argument gave up the whole cause of the war, and reduced it to a purely British quarrel. He had always maintained that this was a great European quarrel, in which there was no purely English or French interest involved. Though some of the great Sovereigns of Europe had hesitated, and left us to bear the brunt of a quarrel which more properly belonged to themselves, that was no reason why their subjects should not engage in it. Then it was said the service was so degrading that no officers of respectability would engage in it. Yet Sir De Laoy Evans and Sir Charles Napier had not hesitated to engage in the service of an ally of England, in a quarrel in which England was not engaged. He then came to the necessity for the measure. If they thought fit to offer bounties of £50 for recruits, and to send them forth without training, he had no doubt they would get a sufficient number of men. But he was looking to the prospect of a protracted war, and to the propriety of husbanding the national resources, and it was a gross fallacy to say if they had 200,000 Englishmen and 40,000 foreigners that they were relying upon foreign swords. He thought it would be most unwise to change the policy which had been approved by Cromwell and by Chatbam, by Marlborough and by Wellington. Such a course would be difficult in war—it would be still more difficult in peace. The alternative, if we were to dispense with foreigners, must be—that we must at all times keep up a large standing army, and that within two years of peace would be found intolerable. The Government thought this measure necessary in the present state of the war. If it were adopted, he had no doubt it would be a most useful addition to the Army; if not, it would be a proof that Ministers had not the confidence of this House. He was surprised that it should be imputed to Ministers that they distrusted the courage of the British Army. Their object was to support the Army in the most effective manner, and thereby to bring the war to a glorious termination:—

But, relying on the British Army, we desire to carry on the war vigorously and effectively; and if this be a legitimate way by which the power of the Emperor of Russia can be crippled, by which his advance can be checked, it appears to me it is one which the House of Commons ought to adopt (Hear, hear). Many a man may say, as the great Spanish captain did, who, when asked to retreat from his post, replied—"I would rather move a foot forward though it should lead to the grave, than step a foot backward though it should lead to safety." I say that every man in the British Army is inspired by that sentiment (Hear, hear). But we should give them every support that we can (Hear, hear). That is the object which her Majesty's Ministers have in view, and we look thereby to a glorious termination of the war (Cheers). I now beg leave to move that this bill be read a second time.

The question having been put,

Sir E. BULWER LYTTON believed that the honour of England was pledged to this quarrel, and for that very reason he was not willing that now, at the outset of the war, they should convey the idea that they could not fight their own battle. That which he relied upon to bear the country through this struggle was, not the population nor the wealth, so much as the enthusiasm of the people; and that very enthusiasm this bill tended to damp. It was admitted by the Secretary-at-War that recruits were coming in faster than they could be drilled; but this bill virtually said to those recruits, Your rude, untutored enthusiasm is not sufficient—we must rely upon hiring mercenaries to defend that standard which British valour planted on the heights of Alma, and rescued from barbarian hordes on the field of Inkerman. The noble Lord said we were now on the eve of a protracted war. Could a graver charge be brought against the Government? Why had they not prepared for that war sooner? All England saw it except the heads of the Government. If Ministers had but acted with ordinary activity after the battle of Alma, they might have had double the number of English soldiers sent over by this time. With regard to the precedents adduced by the noble Lord, they were altogether inapplicable. In the late war the Secretary-at-War defended the enlistment of foreigners, on the ground that those enlisted were subjects of the same Sovereign. It was true other Germans were enlisted; but still they had the closest sympathies with our quarrel. In the wars of Marlborough foreigners were our allies, and offered by the rank and chivalry of their own country. But the noble Lord referred to the speech of the Duke of Wellington in praise of the foreigners employed. But was it necessary to inform the House that the Duke referred not to mercenary soldiers, but to Spaniards and Portuguese fighting under their own banner? But Government had never yet told them whence these wonderful troops were to come. They heard much of their excellence—nothing whatever of their parentage. It had been hinted out of doors that it was intended to enlist a battalion of Poles. That idea had been so rejected by the Prime Minister, however, that it was hardly worth while to dwell upon it; but still, as the intentions of Ministers were more subject to change than those of ordinary mortals, if at any future time they should propose to enlist Poles under their standard, he would warn them, before doing so, to define the character of this war. If they intended to restore the independence of Poland, let them say so manfully, and they would not only have levies but allies. But if they would not do that, then the enlistment of Poles and of other distressed nationalities would fix a deep stain upon the sincerity of Ministers. Other gentlemen might go into the general conduct of the war. It was not his intention to do so, for he could unfeignedly assure the Secretary-at-War that he had heard with more than pleasure, with admiration, the satisfactory manner in which the other night he disproved most of the charges brought against his Administration. There were other members in the Cabinet whose glory was so bound up in the history of this country as to give them the

largest stake in its prosperity. But he feared the Cabinet was composed of materials too discordant to allow of that unity and promptitude of movement without which war could not be successfully carried on. They had never blamed Ministers for their reluctance in going to war. What they blamed was, that Ministers had not frankly explained to the Czar the feeling of this country in opposition to his schemes, which, he believed, would have been a better security for peace than the compliments they had lavished on the moderation of that Potentate. If he were to presume to give advice on this question, he would say, "Go to the market of war—the best market was at home; and buy the best article at any price; it would be the cheapest in the long run." The mere mechanical difficulties of the drill would soon be got over by our skilful officers; and for the rest, our recruits, even before they joined our ranks, had gone through a discipline far more precious than the three years' holiday service of the foreign soldier. They had been trained from their cradles to hardy habits, to patient endurance of fatigue, and, above all, in an indomitable conviction in the strength of their own right arm. These were the habits which made soldiers invincible; without them, armies might be faultless in the drill and valueless in the field. He concluded, amidst the general cheering of his party, by moving that the bill be read a second time that day six months.

Mr. M. MILNES supported the bill, and defended the resolution of Government to stake their existence on this measure, as it resolved itself entirely into a question of confidence.

Mr. ANDERLEY urged that recourse should be had to our Colonies, in reference to foreign countries, for soldiers.

Mr. WATSON would support this and every other proposition which was calculated to carry on the war with efficiency.

Mr. E. BALL, an opponent of the war, opposed the bill, which he thought would only add to the calamities of the war.

Mr. M. GIBSON denounced the attempt of Lord J. Russell to overawe the House by threatening to resign if the bill were rejected; but he thought there were principles involved in this bill more serious than the resignation of any Government. It was proposed to enlist foreigners either with the consent of their Sovereigns or without their knowledge. If their consent was obtained, where was the treaty? If not, it was a violation of the public law of Europe, many of the States of which, our own amongst the number, had enacted laws against their subjects serving under the banners of foreign States. How could they object to Russia hiring the privateers of America after they had themselves sanctioned a principle which would fully justify it? The noble Lord defended this measure on the ground that we were not a great military power; but he forgot to say that we were allied to a nation that was a great military power, and that could supply a large body of men. He had been desirous, in his reluctance to embarrass the Government, not to vote at all upon the question; but, with his convictions, he could not act otherwise than use all the means in his power to have this bill rejected.

Mr. J. G. PHILLIMORE opposed the bill, as involving a calamity and a degradation to this country.

Mr. SIDNEY HERBERT justified and reiterated the intimation of Lord John Russell, that if this measure were rejected the Government would resign. But he defended the bill on its own merits, and he challenged its opponents to discuss it on its own grounds. The historical precedent had been attempted to be evaded on the ground that former wars were European wars. Well, he put it to the House whether there ever was a war which could more properly be called a European—a German—war than this one. Throughout Germany there was a sympathy with them. Was that sympathy to bear no fruit? On the question of precedent he quoted to the House an Act for forming several battalions of the 60th Rifles from foreigners, which was actually carried into effect. He denied, however, that this was a question of precedent, but one that must be determined by the exigencies of the case. In the present case the difficulty was not to turn recruits into soldiers, but boys into men. The mass of these recruits, every one knew, were boys of eighteen. In a campaign, such recruits might, as the Emperor Napoleon said, consume his rations, but they impeded his marches and encumbered his hospitals. Now, according to the conscription in force in Germany, every man was bound to serve in the Army for a number of years, which would not allow him to leave his country till he was of the age of twenty-six or twenty-seven. There was a great desire among the Germans to emigrate, and from 20,000 to 30,000 Germans passed through this country every year on their way to Canada or the United States. That was the class of men the Government wished to obtain. The Government could not pretend to say how many of these men they would obtain. The Government must indeed be endowed with the powers of prophecy if they could tell beforehand how many of these men they were to obtain. The number would depend upon the willingness of the men to join, and the willingness of Parliament to pay them. It was quite true, he was happy to say, that English recruits were coming in faster than they could form them into regiments. He had no doubt that these men would fight as their comrades had fought on the Alma and at Inkerman; but if they could spare them till they were capable of standing the fatigue of the campaign as well as the perils of a battle, the country would receive twice the amount of service from them. He denied that the foreigners would be mere mercenaries; on the contrary, the enthusiasm on the Continent was as great as in this country. The employment of foreign troops was not peculiar to this country. France had a foreign legion. The Turkish troops were offered by Germans; their artillery was organised by Prussian officers. Omar Pacha himself was of Austrian extraction; and in the Russian army itself there were many German officers. He reprobated the use of insulting language towards foreigners that had been used in the course of this debate, which could only serve to deter the German Powers from taking a share in the quarrel. He concluded by conceding to every member of the House the right of forming his own opinion on this question; all he asked was, that the Government should not be forced to retain their places without having the powers committed to them which they declared to be necessary.

Lord STANLEY regretted to find that the Government persisted in pushing forward a measure which he believed the unanimous opinion of the country had pronounced discreditable and unnecessary. No time had been allowed for a proper consideration of the bill, nor any sufficient cause shown for proposing it. Our own resources were ample for all demands. It was ridiculous to argue that a population of 26,000,000 could be exhausted in furnishing an army of 200,000 men. Referring to Mr. Herbert's statement that the British recruit was too young, he declared that the Germans would be too old, having passed the age of service in their own armies, and almost attained that at which the British soldier generally obtained his discharge. If the addition of 10,000 men to the force in the Crimea was of such consequence, he suggested that they should be sent out from our French ally as a far preferable alternative to hiring unattached mercenaries. With respect to the threat of resignation, he expressed his wonder that a Government which had sacrificed the Reform Bill and Education Bill without remorse should abandon the helm because they were not permitted to levy a few thousand foreign auxiliaries.

[During the noble Lord's speech some excitement was caused by the entrance of Sir Charles Napier below the gallery. Several members went up and greeted him warmly. The gallant Admiral appeared in excellent health.]

Sir J. FITZGERALD supported the bill.

Mr. H. Drummond and Lord Palmerston rose together; the former gave way, and

Lord PALMERSTON addressed the House. He denounced the inconsistency of the Opposition, who first blamed the Ministers for want of energy, and then, when they proposed this measure, they were met by disquisitions on constitutional principles. The measure was no novelty: it had been practised not only by this Government, but by every Government that ever was engaged in a great war. Even Napoleon, who had the conscription at his absolute disposal, had his army full of foreign soldiers. But in England such a measure was most of all necessary; for, as long as peace existed, our army was kept down to the lowest possible level. The noble Lord said we ought to have prepared for war sooner. What! when negotiations were going on? None but a madman would have come to Parliament at such a time for the augmentation of our forces. Our system of voluntary enlistment gave us the best soldiers in the world; but it cost us time, and it raised the price of the recruit. To leave the enlistment of foreigners to the end of the war, as some had said, was literally patting the cart before the horse. With the same confusion of mind, some gentlemen argued that, because it was unconstitutional to introduce foreign troops into this country without the consent of Parliament, therefore it was unconstitutional to introduce

them with the consent of Parliament. A very good civilian argument had been used—that, as these men were to be trained soldiers, there could be no need to bring them here for training. True, there was no need to train them as soldiers, but surely it was necessary to organise them into battalions. Ah! but then, it was said, whence were the men to be got? There seemed a great curiosity upon that subject. Why, Ministers could give no information upon that subject till they knew Parliament would allow them to enlist them. Well, now, he should like to know what these constitution-reverencers would have said if they had extracted from the Government information that, before Parliament had given its consent, Ministers had been in treaty with foreign Governments for the enlistment of their subjects. There was no mystery in the matter, except that mystery which he was unable to solve—how it was that gentlemen who professed their willingness to assist the Government in carrying on the war should object to the first measure the Government proposed for that purpose. The reinforcements of 20,000 or 30,000 foreigners would be a great assistance to the brave men in the Crimea, who had so nobly deserved all the assistance this country could give them. Having entered into this war, they could not terminate it without having achieved great results, and those results could not be achieved by small and insignificant detachments.

Mr. DISRAELI characterised the speech of the noble Lord as distinguished by that airy self-sufficiency which he knew so well how to assume when he had a bad cause. They were all agreed on the necessity of making adequate exertions; the only question was, whether the Government measure came under that category. He declined going into the general policy of the war, and would confine himself to the merits of the question before the House. The Government seemed at last to have discovered that Russia was a great military Power, and in the spirit of the largest charity they lost no opportunity of imparting that information to the House. On this subject, at least, there was no reserve. Neither he nor any one else had any objection to English troops fighting by the side of foreigners. That was not the objection entertained to this bill. They objected to mercenaries, not to allies. The President of the Council argued throughout as if there were no French alliance, and no French army fighting by the side of our troops. He would admit that, during the late war, some rare instances occurred of the enlistment of foreigners, which could not be justified more than the enlistment of Hessians in the American war—that shameful page in English history. The example of great commanders had been quoted in favour of foreign soldiers; but he cited extracts from various despatches of the Duke of Wellington, complaining of the desertion of the foreign levies, often to the great danger of his operations. These were the "Free Lances;" the remarks did not apply to the German Legion, or to the subjects of allied Sovereigns. He also quoted from a semi-official article in the *Constitutionnel*, stating that the surprise at Inkerman was caused by a member of the Foreign Legion deserting, and giving information to the Russian Generals of the weak points of that position. But, irrespective of all other considerations, he believed this measure would prove ineffectual. It was not just in the noble Lord to charge the Opposition with faction. They had refused nothing to the Government—they were willing to grant them any amount of men and of money; and, instead of throwing obstacles in their way, they had adhered throughout to the profession they first made, "Act with frankness and firmness, and you may count upon our support as surely as upon your own most trusted adherents." But what would be the effect of this measure abroad? Its influence upon foreign nations might be estimated from an article he read the other day in a great Continental authority, not unfriendly to the Western Alliance, which wound up its argument with the conclusion that all they could deduce from the policy of the English Government was that the recruiting power of England was exhausted. The excuse that we could only enlist boys was contradicted by the general state of the country, and the noble Lord had but to ask Parliament, and he might, to-morrow, enlist 100,000 grown men. On the subject of the general policy of the war he would not now enter. The time would come when Ministers would be expected to give full explanations of that policy. It was now known that Ministers had sent the expedition to Sebastopol. Since the invasion of Sicily by the Athenians, there never was a more unfortunate expedition, or one on which more was staked. In the beginning of the two expeditions there was too much similarity. The schemers were arrogant, boastful, over-sanguine. There were too many generals. There was too little cavalry. There was no reserve. In their proud despair, the Athenians sacrificed to the gods, and appealed to the energies of their own countrymen. We, in less peril, but still in a time of anxiety, proposed to enlist foreigners to fight the battles of England.

Mr. MUNTZ, though he supported the war, could not support this measure. If Ministers would resign on its rejection, let them.

Mr. DEEDS, as one of those who had near relatives in the army of the Crimea, would prefer that army to be reinforced by Englishmen rather than by foreigners.

Several members rose to speak, but the impatience of the House for a division was extreme; and the only member they would listen to was

Lord J. RUSSELL, who rose to reply. He stated that Lord Raglan complained of the youth of his reinforcements, who in large numbers crowded the hospitals. Besides, what was the use of asking the House to vote more men, when 20,000 of those already voted by the House had not yet come forward? The age had been increased, the bounty had been increased, the standard had been lowered, and it was a question whether a further persistence in these measures would materially increase the recruits. He met the quotations of Mr. Disraeli from the Duke of Wellington's despatches as to the desertion of foreigners by other extracts from the same despatches, showing that those foreigners were in general taken from prisons. He justified the conduct of the war by its results, and showed that the Emperor of Russia was now willing to accept terms to which only a few months ago he gave a haughty and indignant refusal. He rebuked the right hon. gentleman for gloating over the prospect of disaster to our arms, and expressed his hope that England and France would yet achieve the triumph of civilisation over barbarism.

After a few words from Colonel SIBTHORP and the Marquis of BLANDFORD, the House divided—For the second reading, 241; against it, 202: majority for Ministers, 39.

The bill was ordered to be committed on Wednesday. Mr. DISRAELI stated that he would oppose it at every stage.

(Continued on page 646.)

NATIONAL INCOME AND EXPENDITURE.—The net public income of the United Kingdom, for the year ended October 10, 1854, amounted to the sum of £55,296,566 16s. 7d. against an expenditure amounting to £56,183,935 19s. 2d.; thus showing an excess of expenditure over revenue of £87,369 2s. 7d. The principal items of revenue include £20,133,641 18s. 9d. from the Customs; £15,526,892 1s. 4d. from the Excise; £6,998,566 4s. 8d. from the Stamps; £3,154,605 7s. 7d. from the Land and Assessment Taxes; £6,972,093 3s. 10d. from the Income-tax; whilst the Post-office returned £1,340,000. The principal items of the public expenditure include £27,315,982 15s. 10d. paid on the Funded Debt, for interest and management; £13,975 11s. 2d. paid for interest on Exchequer bonds; £371,806 11s. 6d. paid for interest on the Unfunded Debt (Exchequer bills); £7,060,882 for the Army; £10,067,769 5s. 10d. for the Navy; £3,690,890 11s. 9d. for the Ordnance. The balances in the public exchequer, on the 10th of October last, amounted to the sum of £5,626,629 9s. 11d.

THE WRECKERS WRECKED.—You can well imagine with what joyful hearts the Cossacks approached such a mass of pillage as the wreck of the *Henri Quatre* presented. A large body came down towards a hillock, with four field-pieces, to pound the wreck. The French saw them approaching, and observed well the spot on which the artillery would be posted: every gun of the vessel was laid for that place, and all was kept silent on board until the Cossacks were well fixed and just about to fire. At that very moment the triggers were pulled on board the *Henri Quatre*—almost every Russian was destroyed; and our noble allies have now the four field-guns on board a man-of-war—trophies of a feat as clever as it was successful.—*Letter from Eupatoria.*

PROPOSED CANAL ACROSS THE Isthmus of SUEZ.—M. Lesseps, formerly French Consul in Egypt, has obtained from the Viceroy, Sidi Pacha, a firman, granting to a company, of which he is director, the applied for authority to make a ship canal across the Isthmus of Suez, connecting the Mediterranean with the Red Sea. The canal, seventy-five miles long, is to be completed in twelve years, the company having a right of levying a toll on all vessels passing through for ninety-nine years. The capital is to be raised by shares, and M. Lesseps expresses himself as being promised the support of eminent bankers in France and Germany. Egypt will not be called upon to make any outlay; the Viceroy is to have 15 per cent of the net profits, and at the expiration of the lease the works are to become the property of the Government.



FOR THE SAKE OF COMPANY.

Briskly. AIR, "SOME SAY WOMEN ARE LIKE THE SEAS."

Some drink the wine for sake of wine, Some for fol - ly, some for care,

Some with bor - row'd light to shine, Some to save them from de - spair. 'Tis not for these our

gob - lets pass, We on - ly fill thy so - ber glass, Wine! wine! fair and free, For the

sake of com - pa - ny, For the sake of com - pa - ny.

Oh! dull were earth could men not meet Round the board in fes - tive throngs, The

vows of friend - ship to re - peat, Pledg - ing healths and sing - ing songs In ho - nour of the

brave or good De - serv - ing of our gra - ti - tude; Wine! wine! fair and free, On - ly

bright in com - pa - ny, On - ly bright in com - pa - ny.

THIRD VERSE.

As symbol be the liquor pour'd,
Symbol of a gen'rous worth,
'To prove around our social board
Wisdom mingling with our mirth,

That we may know it sent to bless,
And only hurtful in excess;
Wine! wine! fair and free,
Only good in company.

ENGLISH SONGS AND MELODIES.

THE POETRY BY CHARLES MACKAY. THE SYMPHONIES AND ACCOMPANIMENTS BY SIR H. R. BISHOP, KT., MUS. DOG., OXON. FOR THE SAKE OF COMPANY.

SOME drink the wine for sake of wine,
Some for folly, some for care,
Some with borrow'd light to shine,
Some to save them from despair.
'Tis not for these our goblets pass,
We only fill the sober glass,
Wine! wine! fair and free!
For the sake of company.
Oh! dull were earth could men
Not meet
Round the board in festive
throings,
The vows of friendship to repeat,
Pledging healths, and singing
songs
In honour of the brave or good
Deserving of their gratitude;
Wine! wine! fair and free!
Only bright in company,
As symbol be the liquor pour'd,
Symbol of a generous worth,
To prove around our social board
Wisdom mingling with our
mirth;—
That we may know it sent to bless,
And only hurtful in excess;
Wine! wine! fair and free!
Only good in company.

Note on the Melody, by Sir H. R. Bishop.

"SOME SAY, WOMEN ARE LIKE THE SEAS"—This quaint and clever air—thus newly adapted to Mr. Mackay's poetry—is in the fourth volume of Watts's "Musical Miscellany," 1781, and is therein stated to be composed by Mr. James Graves, who was the composer of several popular pieces, among which may be mentioned a two-part song, "Generous wine and a friend," printed in J. Simpson's "Theatrical Musician." The present tune possesses more variety in its construction than the generality of English tunes of that period, and seems to have long continued a favourite. It is to be found in "The Convivial Songster," 1782, in Ritson's English Songs, and in other publications. It was also introduced, to the words, "Jealousy, like a canker worm," into "The Jovial Crew, or Merry Beggars," a ballad opera, containing many excellent old English melodies, which was first produced in 1781. In an edition of the music of this piece, published by John Johnson, opposite Bow Church, Cheapside, about 1780, it is stated that "the airs are as performed at the theatre in Covent Garden," and that "the overture and accompaniments to the airs are composed by Mr. (W.) Bates." Nearly the whole of these "accompaniments," however, consist of a simple bass part added to the melodies.

CHRISTMAS BOOKS.*

How many who leave this land, leave not its affections or its memories! They carry the mother tongue and the hereditary customs over broad oceans, and plant other Englands amid vast and fertile worlds heretofore buried in primeval seclusion from the human race. Many an immense and important region, rescued from barbarism or solitude, is now proud to recognise the English language as the first civilised sounds to which its wilds have echoed, and English books as the first literature by which its homes have been humanised, since the foundation of the earth. Not the least migratory and far-wandering species of literary production is that which is known by the name of "Christmas book." It has wings, and flies in all directions, even to the ends of the world, promoting in its own manner, a manner which is far from insignificant, the spread of our national connections. And how enormous are these! If Russia, for example, in the material and brute extent of its territory, occupies a sixth part of the habitable globe, the fact is as nothing, compared with the moral dimensions of Anglo-Saxon influence. Our race seems, indeed, to have inherited the virtual monopoly of the future. Beneath the Southern Cross arises a new system of humanity, as great in its destinies as was the whole ancient world. In the West, the "Imperial Republic" engrosses the prepotency; and to these spheres if we add a hundred colonies, we shall find that a "sea-beaten island of a northern sea" is truly the modern parent of races, and the latest of the universal empires. England, in fine, will yet be the generic name for the second "ancient world," because both her national manners and national books will live.

Among the qualities which conduce to this amazing result are two, which seem opposed to each other, yet which, in human nature (both individually and nationally), are but reciprocal compensations. The people of these islands are at once restlessly impatient of the present, and tenderly mindful of the past. No race is more full of ready venturesomeness and actual curiosity; yet none is more unconquerably tenacious of traditional impressions. To change and to enlarge its sphere, yet never to forget "auld lang syne," this combination of passions will be found (on a broad analysis) to make three-fourths of the Anglo-Saxon character. And certainly we must number among the traditional impressions to which we refer—the feelings of the better part of our community respecting Christmas. These feelings would strike with awe, and yet with delight, one of the wiser Pagans of antiquity, suddenly resuscitated. All that is most solemn in religion is strangely blended with all that is brightest and sweetest in domestic affection. Heaven and earth seem brought into confederacy to invest this season with whatever each possesses and may bestow, that is of most value to humanity. It is a festivity and a solemnity, all in one. There is mirth, and good sound human mirth, in families; while a recollection of the greatest of Christian mysteries hovers over the season with a dim halo of high and sublime suggestions. It is the touching point between our worldly ties and our ulterior destination—the perihelion of the temporal orbit of a Christian people—"On earth peace, good will toward men." It is the time of general charity, sanctioned by many immemorial customs; and—to cut short these crowding thoughts—it is not only itself a festival of commemoration, but it is a festival which individuals wish to commemorate in its annual recurrence, on their own account; for we can—each of us, alas!—see but a fixed number of "merry Christmases."

For this reason, if for no other, Christmas Books will come, and be welcome: they are amply justified. Christmas passes; but they remain! By the log fire of the squatter in Australia—beneath the beams of the "Southern Cross," at night, on the deck of the trans-equatorial emigrant-ship—amid the snows of the Canadian plains—in the "backwoods" (if the term be still applicable) of the United States—wherever there is a "location" of our hardy colonists and adventurers, on isle or mainland, these Christmas Books will beguile the evening lamp and rushlight, and will reverse, for a fond hour, the wanderings of our migratory race, transporting them back again to the ancient parent land, to the innocent memories of the first home, to the dear scenes of the early frolic.

Yes, we may all well commemorate our various Christmases (itself, as we have said, a commemoration); for we all shall see our last of that joyous season; and in no way save in books—in remembrance—in sympathy—can we ever go back to the happiest instances of its visit.

1. "Illustrations of Scripture." By an Animal Painter, &c. Constable and Co., Edinburgh; Hamilton and Co., &c.
2. "Wearyfoot-Common." By Leitch Ritchie. Bogue.
3. "The Pilgrim; or, John Bunyan's Apparition in the Bed-room of Rev. J. M. Neale, Warden of Backville College, East Grinstead." James Niebet and Co.
4. "Howitt's Pictures for the Young." Sampson, Low, and Son.
5. "The Discontented Children," &c. By Mary and Elizabeth Kirby. With Illustrations by Hablot K. Browne (Phiz). Grant and Griffith.
6. "History for Boys." By John G. Edgar. With Illustrations. Bogue.
7. "Forest Exiles." By Captain Mayne Reed. Bogue.
8. "Faggots for the Fireside." By Peter Parley. Grant and Griffith.
9. "Words by the Wayside," &c. By Emily Ayton. Grant and Griffith.
10. "Esperanza; or, the Home of the Wanderers." By Anne Bowman. Routledge.
11. "Dashwood Priory." By E. J. May. Routledge.
12. "Rural and Historical Gleanings from Eastern Europe." By Miss M. Birkbeck. Darton and Co.
13. "The Broken Sword." By Adelaide O'Keefe. Groombridge and Sons.
14. "True Stories from Ancient History." Tallant and Allen.
15. "Rules, Studies," &c. John Mason.

On the present occasion we have no reason to complain of any scarcity in the amount of literary Keepsakes offered to the public. We have subjoined in footnotes the titles of several of these; [and truly their contents bear us far and near, from home to remote and naval scenes, from repose to adventures, from simple life to wild vicissitudes, from infancy to age, from the base of society to its summit—in fine through all the immensity of human and divine conditions through earth and heaven.]

Far is it from our meaning that all these contributions are of equal value; but they all, at least, appertain to a vital element of our community, and all help to constitute one of its most imperishable and most affecting monuments. Every great nation sees the day when its greatness either begins to fade without a memorial, or begins to leave memorials, and nothing but these. These, however, are immeasurably better than oblivion. The high part should not be forgotten; it should be survived by the illustrious memory, and the inspiring example. On this head there is little fear for the United Kingdom. We have seen how even all the vivid intelligence, and all the unwearied energy of the United States have failed to create, in "the far west," an indigenous literature equal to ours, or any literature worthy of the name, which was not a dim and somewhat delicate reflection of our ancient glory in that enduring department of human labour. Their poets are our poets—faded away, yet often beautiful; their historians, orators, tale-writers, moralists, feel proud of a resemblance to our moralists, orators, tale-writers, and historians;—and resemblance is much. The language, the laws, the thoughts, the fancies, the sports, the instincts,—all belong to a mighty race which, while it still sends its children to new scenes and hemispheres, sends them possessors of ancient lessons, and heirs of an ancient glory.

Let us turn to what immediately corroborates these general remarks, and examine the efforts of our literature (in the midst of wars, griefs, and anxieties), to perpetuate our constant usage and to honour Christmas. The season is a summary of the year—not to speak of national associations or still more solemn memories. And, truly, the books which now issue from the press, if taken all in all, are like a summary, universal in their character and aim.

For the convenience of those who may wish to select out of the immense mass, let us give a rapid epitome. The reader may be diverted, and will not be shocked, if the objects before him prove apparently heterogeneous when placed in juxtaposition. It is only the "contrapuntum" of the time; the parts are various, yet the harmony is one.

No one would be astonished if "Illustrations of Scripture" were now issued. But for Scripture, in sooth, the end of December would be like the end of any other month. The Illustrations are in photograph; a newly-acquired art pays its humble homage to a venerable doctrine. The sketches are by an "Animal Painter" and the explanatory letterpress is by a "Naturalist." The result is a beautiful folio volume, fit ornament, in external equipment, for any table. In its way nobody can deny that it is a reminder and memento of Christmas, and that it bears also its own date in the principle of its execution. However, most of the illustrations are taken from the Old Testament; and the verses of a great but harsh and unforgiving modern poet are actually quoted by the side of Holy Writ throughout the whole production. Let us proceed. We know what a deep impression has been made by John Bunyan's "Pilgrim's Progress." He himself appeared lately to the Rev. J. M. Neale, in that reverend gentleman's bed-room! Read the account of that vision if you deem it worth while; it is one of our present "Christmas Offerings."

But we escape from the supernatural. Christmas is a festival, we have said, as well as a solemnity. Howitt (it is Mary Howitt) offers "Pictures for the Young." They are all about Jack and Harry. You know Jack and Harry? Of course you do. If any mischief is done, Jack or Harry does it. If the cows get out of the meadow, it is either Jack or Harry who left the gate open. They are as much interested about a powerful locomotive, as about their grandfather's old clock. They are prowling about before you are out of bed in a morning. Are they not? Why, they know everything. Then there is Jack musing among the goats. Did not Marius muse among famous ruins? And we have Dick and Arthur besides, and plenty of illustrations. A worse mistake might be made than to get Howitt's "Pictures for the Young" at Christmas. But the variety, the immensity of the choice, must perplex. We have "The Discontented Children, and how they were Cured;" with illustrations by the celebrated "Phiz" (Hablot K. Browne)—the story being furnished by Mary and Elizabeth Kirby. If those children do not find contentment at Christmas, and by means of Christmas lessons, we know not how they are to be satisfied or brought to reason.

But here comes a rigid man, not knowing that he is rigid—a purist in language, almost a martinet in feeling and in morals—the Reverend William H. Rule, with "Studies from History." He evidently deems himself a powerful writer, but it pains us to say he is only "a feeble hand." If his present work be properly appreciated, he promises much for the future. Alas! we shall not be disappointed by his next production.

A degree above this amazing mistake is the work of John G. Edgar, the author of the "Boyhood of Great Men." This gentleman tells us that "one of the ancient cultivators of history aptly described it as philosophy teaching by example." We have frequently heard references to that remark. Why does he not allude to the beautiful passage in which it is said "All history is only the precepts of moral philosophy reduced to examples." And does he know where the passage occurs? And where he says that the French, "glowing with exultation," scarcely had entered Moscow when they became aware that it was in a blaze (page 421); does he know the real facts? And has he here, where a great strategical and political truth is at stake, fulfilled the vantage of his preface, that he has rendered historical knowledge interesting without the smallest sacrifice of accuracy?

But Captain Mayne Reed claims our attention for his "Forest Exiles." This gentleman writes most exciting books; and though, in general style and spirit, they are like each other, such is the abundance of his creative imagination, that in the incidents, at least, they are all dissimilar—diversified without end. His present work consists of three grand elements: a great deal of botany, a great deal of natural history, and a great deal of adventures. He equally sustains his signal yet recent reputation.

"Peter Parley" must not be neglected. He has been a wanderer over "the far west;" has seen the rivers, the mountains, the valleys, the wild animals, the tribes of still wilder Indians; has crossed the Rocky Mountains, and has stood upon the shore of the broad Pacific. This author, while relating the thrilling incidents within his experience, intends to make us acquainted with some matters concerning the Geography, Natural History, Manners, Customs (human), of the scenes which he has explored. It is nearly the same claim as the last, but addressed to a more juvenile audience.

But will no room be made for Seven Tales from Ancient History? The subject are "Cyrus," "Semiramis," "Sardanapalus," "The Plains of Marathon," "Leonidas," "Xerxes," and "Alexander the Great." They are designed for a still younger class; and we doubt not will impart to many a first taste for solid reading. In short we must say that a great justness of idea, and a thoughtful adaptation of matter and style to the several capacities of the circles respectively addressed, pervade the bulk of these Christmas lucubrations.

"Dashwood Priory; or Mortimer's College Life," has a Scriptural extract at the head of every chapter; but is far from being a merely sanctimonious effusion. The author, E. J. May, aims at giving a great amount of practical information, and imparting even many principles of mechanical and physical science, through the medium of a lively and

natural story, the scene of which is in England, and the subject English life.

Miss Birkbeck tries a less familiar, a more difficult, and ambitious theme—"Rural and Historical Gleanings from the East of Europe." Hungary is the principal country indicated in this title; and Hungary is certainly interesting, and has, in its richness, many rural; in its antecedents, many historical, instructions to give us. But how few ladies, in their literary effusions, are entirely impartial; and impartiality is justice, and justice is the Queen of Virtues. Whether it be a people or an individual who excites their sympathies—a living object or an abstract cause—zeal beyond measure, indiscriminating dislike of the opposite influences, and a love "not wise" for the elected objects, characterise and warp the composition. Ladies, moreover, are generally bad judges on a literary question; and finally, ladies are apt to forget that the pretty little affectations which their graceful presence might beguile us to condone, are often immediately blemishes in a literary work. "A letter blushes not," says the immortal Pully, on one occasion; "and I can write this, though I should not like to say it." We may add that a letter, or whatever else is written, smiles not, that it takes no graceful position, that non "incessu patet dea," and that it is bereft of all those helps which Demosthenes termed the *υποκρισις* of persuasion. Therefore are we by no means pleased in English, during this nervous age, in which we dread the decadence of our language—during this dubious post-Augustan time—to read of "twenty-two battalions and fourteen escadrons." Why not *squadrons*? Pray why not? Or else, why not *battalions*? Is it English that we are reading, or is it French? Or is it the approach of that redoubtable jargon—that predicted jumble of every tongue, in which our noble language, sinking into a corrupted and hopeless dialect, is to pass gradually but finally away, like so many other splendid repositories of human genius, from the attention and the liking of all living generations? Are our female writers to contribute to the last incurable sophistication of the English language? Again, consider this authoress (what few authoresses are prudent in assuming to be) as a Strategist; we obtain by this method the following enlightenment:—"Great, indeed, must the Austrian's terror have been when, actually in possession of the entire land, and backed in case of need by all the armies of Europe, from mere apprehension of Klappa's military renown, they granted a capitulation to a fortress (Comorn), which at furthest must have succumbed to a two months' siege." P. 443, 444. Klappa seems to be a favourite with our writer; but we appeal to military men in general, and to Hungarians in particular, whether the Hungarian fortress of Comorn, garrisoned by twenty-two battalions and fourteen "escadrons," ought to succumb to "a two months' siege." We, as well as Miss Birkbeck, happen to know persons, and persons well qualified to express an opinion, who have travelled through Hungary, and who have examined Comorn. Those persons think very differently. Moreover, the writer of these lines happened, immediately after the last Hungarian war, to have a conversation in Russian Poland on the subject of Comorn, with a Russian veteran—a soldier who had seen Napoleon, had fought against him, and had helped to gain the battle of Leipzig—a general who had then under his orders, not merely a division, but a whole corps d'armée of fifty-seven thousand men, horse, foot, and artillery—an old campaigner, "cunning of his calling," who had besides been at Comorn, and had assisted amongst others at Klappa's surrender. To him, by a curious fatality, the inditer of these remarks put the very question—"How long would the siege of Comorn have practically detained you? How long would that fortress, decently and moderately garrisoned, have held out by what we call in Chess "forced moves?" His reply was peremptory, given in two words, and, as it chanced, in two syllables, "Un an!" We have no scruple in mentioning his name. He was General Panlutin, one of the most distinguished names in the whole Russian service. It remains to be seen whether Hungarians estimate at a lower value than do their enemies this noble and famous stronghold of their country. Miss Birkbeck's book is interesting, and by no means ill-written.

But we must turn to another lady, full of a sort of genius which would be the better for a rebuke, such as we have not the heart to give; and this lady, Adelaide O'Keefe, expects our attention to a tale of "The Broken Sword; or A Soldier's Honour." We have paid our attention: we hope that of the reader may be added.

But, as we pass along through this forest of sweets, this wilderness of spices, we hear "Words by the Wayside," we see "Children and Flowers." Alas! how many are the flowers in December? Emily Ayton undertakes to tell us. Who will turn a deaf ear to her recital? Last but not one comes "Esperanza"—Hope! Hope before fulfillment. It is the home of the wanderers. We send emigrants to every land; we have tens of thousands of intended emigrants among us. Here is a poetic or magical mirror, in which they may learn much that is collateral; and, perchance, see also, in a dim and general likeness, their own predestined future. Again it is a lady who holds the glass and "rough-hews" the beginnings.

We have reserved for the last a work of real genius, sustained throughout with unflinching spirit, and fashioned by laborious art. We have seen it before. It is Leitch Ritchie's "Wearyfoot Common." There are here a thousand touches of true literary inspiration. "Heads it is"—cut of the mist at a doorstep—that arch and pathetic beginning of an epic often acted and suffered, but seldom sung—is a master-stroke. Even the style of the book (which is not always correct) is full of eloquence. It is not always correct. "As for either he or his sister thinking" (page 62) is a vile sentence. The author, too—though doubtless no Cockney—has been betrayed into an occasional Cockneyism of language. He will himself best understand us. But his is a remarkable work; not likely to be either soon in any respect forgotten or ever forgotten altogether. We can scarcely say more.

Women, young and old, married and unmarried—men of every age and profession, from the venturesome captain to the grey-haired recluse—clerics and laymen—soldiers and civilians—representatives, in fine, of both sexes, and of all ranks—wish to say something to the British community at this great season, and not only to the British community, in the strict sense of the word, but to all who understand our language. That peculiarly suggestive, and, at the same time, poignant character to which we have alluded as belonging to our Christmas publications, renders them the best vehicle for the satisfaction of a general want. Letters from individuals to individuals suffice for their own purpose; but class wishes, at least once a year, to speak to class, in an ordinary and familiar manner—not upon questions of excited politics, or social disension—not on that general theme of severe business which occupies the greater portion of such communications during the course of a twelvemonth; but to interchange good wishes, and to express the general sentiment of neighbourhood and national kinship. Let people say what they please about the selfishness supposed to be so common; it is doubtless common in a thousand aspects; but, for that very reason (so complicated and so many-grained is the great *niello* of human character)—for that very reason, we say, men seek to appease their own interior feelings by an occasional trace of the most solemn sort; during which, not only are the members of a family more sincerely recollect that they are of one immediate blood, and the families of a nation that they are of a common race, but a still wider sympathy, for a brief instant, seems almost on the point of arising. Practically, alas, it never comes to this; but there are moments and occasions when the tendency towards such a feeling is more prevalent than at other and ordinary times. We are mistaken if this is not, in part, the meaning of our Christmas Books; in part, the secret of our Christmas feelings.

On the present occasion, the progress of a fearful struggle must darken all the natural pleasantness of such associations, which are indeed rebuked by the rage of war. However, it is a war which we tried long and sincerely to avoid. And our soldiers, who are doomed to pass a Christmas very different from ours, will be glad to revisit in thought the scenes which the publications we have noticed tend in general so vividly to recall. Our men themselves have expressed a longing for papers and books from home—the more, say they, the better. Among them, be sure, such productions will command an interest of their own.

Some are, perhaps, surprised at the desire thus expressed by troops who are in the midst of alerts and battles. But those who know anything of real service, nay, those who have even been but travellers in distant countries, under circumstances of hardship and privation, will not share in the astonishment. At the same time, the case of the traveller, even supposing his hardships equal in kind and degree to those which our gallant soldiers have endured in the Crimea, illustrates only half the reality. There are two feelings quite distinct from each other, which combine to create the wish to which we have referred. The one is the present want of what was formerly possessed, and this would apply to the casual traveller as well as to the groups who are now bivouacking round the watch-fires or the heights above Sebastopol; but the other feeling is that the business in hand is the business of the country, and that all eyes at home are fixed upon those who are carrying out that momentous trust at the price of their generous blood, ready to be poured forth in the service, ready to the last drop. This does not apply to the traveller. Imagine, then, the eagerness with which our troops before the enemy turn, in their fitful and pres-

rious intervals of leisure, turn, we say, hearts and thoughts homeward! This is the great secret of the clamorous request. "English publications, anything to tell us what you are about, anything to help an occasional five minutes of musing upon scenes which"—ah, yes, which they may behold no more!

We trust that the works, some of which we have here briefly criticised, may, in their limited scope, contribute to beguile an evening not only by the comfortable firesides of those who have been left behind, but in the wintry encampment and on the storm-beaten cliffs, where our matchless champions are staking their lives for our interests, our safety, and our honour.

THE STORY OF THE PEASANT-BOY PHILOSOPHER. By HENRY MAYHEW. David Bogue.

The author of this volume has, for many years, delighted the public by the smartness of his wit and the raciness of his humour. In the work before us, he stands forth as a teacher of science in some of its loftiest and most abstruse forms. He has made no discoveries, nor has he compelled the external world to surrender to him any of its secrets; his merit lies, and it is a rare merit, in the lucidity with which he imparts the knowledge he has acquired. There is indeed no Royal road to learning; its conquest can only be achieved by industry, attention, and reflection: nevertheless, the road may be full of ruts, or smooth as a railway. There are few lads, if, indeed, any, who do not approach the study of mathematics with reluctance, not to say disgust; and for every one who perseveres till he can master the "Principia" of Newton, or the "Mécanique Céleste" of Laplace, scores abandon the task in despair, after a few unwilling efforts. Of this truth the University of Cambridge affords annually abundant proofs, in the paucity of Wranglers compared with those who take little more than a nominal degree. Why is this? Without pretending to trace the result to a single cause, we believe that the majority of students are repulsed by the character of elementary books, which, in most cases, darken the subject on which they ought to throw light. Of course an instructor should be erudite and profound; but when he is in the act of teaching, he should adapt himself to the capacity of his pupil, whose mind is recipient, but at present empty. The knowledge conveyed by what is vulgarly termed "cramming," is soon forgotten; it just serves the deceptive purpose of passing a particular examination, and then oozes out as water passes through a sieve.

After a very careful perusal of Mr. Mayhew's volume, we can most conscientiously state that he possesses the faculty of imparting knowledge in a very eminent degree. He is skilled in the art of smoothing away difficulties; his illustrations are felicitously apt; he presents his various problems, not only with vivid distinctness, but in that alluring or ensnaring guise which provokes inquisitiveness, kindling and sustaining the ardour of pursuit. In a word, he makes learning a pleasure, by keeping curiosity ever on the stretch. His object, as he states in his preface, "was not so strictly to teach, as to create in youth a taste for learning—it was to *appetise* rather than to *cram*—to excite a craving that would stir the young mind to seek its own food, instead of accustoming it to be, as it were, stall-fed." No doubt this is the judicious process; but the teacher, as it appears to us, must first of all experimentalise, and ascertain, by some tentative process, the bent of his pupil's mind; for all boys will not take to the same subject. As Horace remarked long since—"Tu nihil invita facies Minerva." It is not every lad who has a turn for mathematics, or classics; and, indeed, the division of labour in practical life would never have been perfected, or, perhaps, established, if the universal current of thought had been confined in one channel.

An incident in the life of Fergusson, the shepherd-boy, and, in mature life, the celebrated astronomer, furnishes the starting-point of Mr. Mayhew's book. Curiosity and wonder were excited in the young mind of Fergusson, on seeing his father raise the roof of his cottage with a lever; and such is the case with little Owen Evans, the hero of our philosophic tale. He begins to make experiments, and finds out the properties of the lever. His inquisitiveness is excited by this first success, and he then receives some hints and instructions from Roger Wilkins, the proprietor of a water-mill and a manufacturer of woollens, and makes a clock. His next tutor is Parson Wynn, who explains to him the doctrine of forces. Here we will give an extract, illustrating both the reasoning and the style of the writer. The boy asks, "What is a force?" The Parson answers that he cannot tell him fully and satisfactorily:—

"All I can tell you is, that it is not matter. By that I mean it is not solid, nor heavy—nor has it length, breadth, or thickness, like the ground and stones at one's feet; and yet some force is the cause of solidity, heaviness, extension, and every other property of matter besides. You cannot have a pint of a force, Owen, nor yet a yard of one, nor yet a pound. The principles that give power to the elements in the world without are something as subtle and mysterious as that which quickens and strengthens yourself. All the wisest of us can do is to give this same force a name, and call it 'spirit,' so as to distinguish it from the 'stocks and stones' which would remain for ever immovable without it." "Force is spirit, then?" mused Owen. "Look you," continued the Minister, as he rose from his seat, and picked up a stone from the ground: "Here is a dull, dead lump of matter. Place it where you will, there it must remain to all time, unless stirred by some force; for it has no power to move itself. Now, see, Owen! I jerk my arm suddenly, and away the dull dead stone flies through the air, like a bird instinct with a determination to proceed in the course in which I propelled it." "How strange!" cried Owen, as he watched the missile dart over the trees. "I've thrown many a stone, and yet never thought why it moved before." "What did the stone get from me, lad?" inquired Mr. Wynn. "Say that I injected into it some subtle fluid, or 'ether,' as it is termed: but this will not help you; for the subtlest fluid is but a light gas, after all; and gas is only solid matter in the form of vapour; and, therefore, dead and inactive as the stone itself. So you see, Owen, the only thing the stone could have got from me was force; and force, as I told you, is spirit." "Was your spirit in the stone, then?" asked Owen. "Part of it most assuredly was," replied the Minister. "Did I not determine it should go in the direction I flung it? And was it not quickened with the same determination immediately it left my hand?" "That it was," said the perplexed lad. "A force, then, Owen, would appear to be simply a determination, or inclination, if you please," remarked the Clergyman, "given to a body to act in a particular manner. Consult what force you will, it merely amounts to this. Now, determination or inclination are the terms we give to the operations of our will; so that we must conclude that force is the result of will. But matter, being dead and inactive, can have no will of its own; hence, whatever force resides in it, must have arisen from the will of some one else having been impressed upon it—precisely in the same manner, lad, as you saw my will just now impressed upon that stone."

Parson Wynn then tells the boy that the primary will, the source of all will, is that of Almighty God. The pupil then learns the principles of navigation from the old sailor, Captain Jones—the use of the sextant and quadrant, the use of the log, the mode of measuring the size of the earth, and the rationale of latitude and longitude. A Mr. Blackwater, a studious recluse, completes his education by instructing him in the highest branches of astronomy. All these lessons are illustrated by copious and excellent diagrams, and he must indeed be dull who is unable out of this book completely to master the wondrous subjects of which it treats. Every parent should place the volume in the hands of his children, whether sons or daughters, as soon as they are sixteen years of age.

Here we might close our remarks; but a supplementary chapter, if we may give it that name, requires a passing glance, were it only because Mr. Mayhew, in common with all really wise men, is sincerely religious on conviction. This chapter is designed to prove the immortality of the soul and a future state. It is known that if a body be once put in motion, it would continue in motion for ever, unless arrested by some external force; or, to use Mr. Mayhew's language, "no force diminishes or dies of itself; that is to say, there is no principle of decay or death within it." In our mental constitution we all are aware of what is termed "the law of the succession of ideas." Thought begets thought; now, remarks our author, "I say it is a necessary result of this principle that the sequence of ideas should continue for ever (in the same manner as the motion of a sphere once projected in space would go on to all eternity) unless there be some external cause to stop it; for the mental force has, like the other, no principle of death or decay within itself, but rather contains the elements of endless progression." In speaking of organism, Mr. Mayhew considers that it is necessary for the *prosecution* of sensations and ideas, but not for their *reproduction*. He states the case of Beethoven, who composed his finest music after he had lost his hearing. "If, then," continues Mr. Mayhew, "it be possible for the soul to revive the ideas derived from one organ, after that organ is destroyed, why cannot the soul recall the impressions of every other organ, when the whole organic arrangement of our bodies is at an end?" This query is highly suggestive, but to comment upon it would require more space than we can afford. The phenomenon of memory would appear a miracle were it not familiar to us all. We all use that mental faculty from hour to hour; but very few dwell upon its nature, or trace its operations. We shall be glad to see Mr. Mayhew again in the garb of a philosopher.

SOME OBSERVATIONS ON THE ORIGIN OF CHESS.

BY DR. DUNCAN FORBES.

CHAPTER VI.—INTRODUCTION OF CHESS INTO PERSIA.

THE earliest and best account of the Shatranj or mediæval Chess to which we have as yet attained access, is that given by the poet Firdausi, who flourished in the latter half of the tenth century. We know, however, that during the eighth and ninth centuries, the acute Arabs, under the munificent patronage of the Caliphs of Bagdad, had made rapid and distinguished progress in the theory and practice of the game. A physician named Abul-Abbās, who died A.D. 899, wrote a treatise on Chess; and within the next half-century lived the celebrated Al Suli, who may be considered as the Arabian Philidor, distinguished at once as the finest player of his time, and as the author of the best work till then existing on the game. We also read of Lajlāj and 'Adālī, among the early masters, each of whom wrote a treatise on the subject; but it is very doubtful whether any of these works are now extant, their merits being superseded by performances of more recent date. It is possible, however, that one or other of them may still exist in the Imperial Library of Constantinople; and, if so, we despair not of their yet seeing the light, when our gallant Ottoman friends have finished the *serious game* in which they are now engaged—by *checkmating the Czar*.

To return to Firdausi. It may be proper to premise that the great epic poem, called the "Shāhnāma," or "Book of Kings," is really a *verified history* of the Persian empire, from the earliest times down to our seventh century. In fact, we have similar works of our own, though on a much smaller scale—viz., "Albion's England," by the good olden poet Warner; and the "Scottish Chronicle," by Wyntoun. The authenticity of the "Shāhnāma," as a mere history, is not liable to any objection which may not equally apply to the works of Herodotus and Livy. We know, from various authorities, that the more enlightened of the Persian Kings, from time to time, caused to be compiled the annals of the monarchy down to the close of their own respective reigns. Naushirwān, in particular, attended to this duty, so worthy of a Prince; and the compilation, thus carried on at uncertain intervals, was brought to a close under the reign of Yazdijird, the last of the Sassanian race, near the middle of the seventh century. The work was called by the Persians "Bāstān-nāma," or "Book of Antiquity." This is most probably the work alluded to by Agathias, as having been translated into Greek (down to that period) by the interpreter Sergius (a). It would seem, also, that it was known to the Arabs, under the title of "Siyar-ul-Mulūk," or "History of the Kings." Towards the close of the tenth century, the renowned Mahmūd of Ghazni commanded the poet Firdausi to verify the Bāstān-nāma, which was accordingly done; and this stupendous poem, consisting of one hundred and twenty thousand verses, the labour of thirty years, was entitled the "Shāhnāma." The Greek and Arabic versions, as well as the original "Bāstān-nāma," are probably now lost to us for ever; but the "Shāhnāma"—like the "Iliad," the "Æneid," and the "Paradise Lost"—is immortal.

I have been thus particular in describing the nature and character of the Shāhnāma, that the reader may perceive the exact degree of credit due to the extracts which I am about to translate from that work. Be it observed that the events narrated had been registered, in plain prose, in the annals of Persia, at the time when they took place, some 450 years before Firdausi wrote. That the poet has embellished them is quite natural and probable; but that he has either falsified or forged them, we have no reason to believe. With regard to the translation, I have merely to say that my main object has been to give the author's meaning, without servilely following his exact words and endless repetitions. I may also state that no two manuscripts of the poem exactly agree in all particulars: sometimes whole couplets and passages are found in one copy, and not in another. By a careful collation, however, of several MSS. (b), I have, I believe, succeeded in giving something resembling what the author would have said, were he writing in plain English.

TRANSLATION.

"Once upon a time the victorious Kisra Naushirwān was seated upon his lofty throne, in the gorgeous hall of audience. Around him stood the noble, the brave, the learned, and the virtuous, assembled from Balch and Bukhāra, and from all the other provinces of his extensive dominions. Meanwhile entered the watchful sentinel from the gate, and said, 'Sire, there approacheth an Ambassador from the Sovereign of Hind (c). He is accompanied by a train of elephants, with which canopies, together with a thousand camels heavily laden; the whole escorted by a numerous and gallant array of Scindian cavalry. He seeks access into the presence of the just and the renowned Sovereign of Iran' (d).

"When Kisra Naushirwān heard the words of the sentinel, he forthwith dispatched a chosen body of his finest troops, both horse and foot, in order to receive with due honour the embassy from the King of Hind. At length the Ambassador reached the palace-gate, and was introduced into the presence of the Persian King. To the latter he made a low obeisance, after the manner observed in Indian Courts, and then he ordered the costly presents sent by his Sovereign to be displayed before the Royal assembly. First of all, in front of the gate, stood the train of elephants, each furnished with a gorgeous canopy overlaid with gold and silver, and studded with gems the most brilliant and rare. Then in the midst of the spacious hall, the rich bales were opened, containing numerous caskets of jewels the most precious. There were diamonds, and rubies, and emeralds; also strings of pearls of incalculable value. There were various perfumes of surpassing fragrance—of musk, and ambergris, and wood of aloes; also chests full of Indian scimitars, of dazzling brightness and of keenest edge; together with many other valuables too numerous to describe, the peculiar productions of Kanōj (e) and Māi. Then the Ambassador produced a letter richly illumined, written by the hand of the Sovereign of Hind to Naushirwān. Last of all, he displayed before the King and the astonished Court, a chessboard, elaborately constructed, together with the chessmen, tastefully and curiously carved from solid pieces of ivory and ebony.

The Letter from the King of Hind "to Kisra Naushirwān, the Just and the Great."

"O King, may you live as long as the celestial spheres continue to revolve. I pray of you to examine this chessboard, and to lay it before such of your people as are most distinguished for learning and wisdom. Let them carefully deliberate, one with another; and, if they can, let them discover the principles of this wonderful game. Let them find out the uses of the various pieces, and how each is to be moved, and into what particular squares. Let them discover the laws which regulate the evolutions of this mimic army; and the rules applicable to the Pawns, and to the Elephants, and to the Rukhs (or warriors), and to the Horses, and to the Farzin, and to the King. If they should succeed in discovering the principles, and expounding the practice of this rare game, assuredly

(a) Sergius was eminently skilled in the Greek and Persian languages, and held the rank of First Interpreter at the Court of Naushirwān. At the request of his friend, Agathias the historian, he asked permission of the Persian authorities to have access to their historical records, preserved in the Royal archives, that he might translate the same into Greek. This was readily granted by Naushirwān, by whom he was held in high estimation; and, accordingly, a Greek version of the history of Persia was transmitted to Byzantium. Now, I would ask—is it not very probable that the game of Chess, which created such sensation at the Court of Chosroes, may have been known to so inquisitive and distinguished a man as Sergius? During this period, when there existed such a close intercourse between the two Courts, may not the game have reached Byzantium even before it found its way among the roving Arabs? I do not assert this as a fact, for I have no historical evidence to bear me out; but, nevertheless, I think it not at all improbable.—*Vide Agathias Hist., IV., 30, &c.*

(b) I have chiefly followed MS. No. 18,183, being the oldest and the most beautifully written in the British Museum, transcribed A.D. 1486. It was once the property of the late Dr. Scott, of Bedford-square. Also MS. No. 7724, which I formerly belonged to the celebrated collector Mr. Rich, British Resident at Bagdad.

(c) India is so called by the Arabs and Persians to this day. The term Hindūstān, "the abode of the Hindūs, or dark-coloured people," is more modern.

(d) The name by which Persia is generally designated in the Shāhnāma.

(e) Kanōj—commonly written Cānōj—during the earlier centuries of our era was the capital of the great kingdom, extending along the Ganges, on the western banks of which river the city was built, and where its ruins are still to be seen, near the respective borders of the province of Oude and Agra. It is supposed to have been built more than 1000 years before the Christian era, and to have been the capital of King Fūr or Pōrns, who fought against the Macedonian hero, Alexander. The Indian histories are full of the accounts of its grandeur, extent, and population, so much so that in the sixth century—that is, about the time of Naushirwān—it was said to contain no fewer than 35,000 shops, in which the Indian luxury, called "Tān-suprī," a peculiar preparation of the areca or betel-nut, was sold. This drug is highly fragrant, refreshing, and stomachic, and is in much use to this day among all classes of the people of India. The expression is the same as if we were to say, in order to convey an idea of the grandeur of an American city, that it contained 30,000 shops, in which the black cake of the Virginian weed (Cavendish tobacco) was sold.

they will become entitled to admission into the number of the wise; and in such case, I promise to acknowledge myself as hitherto, your Majesty's tributary. On the other hand, should you and the wise men of Iran collectively, fail in discovering the nature and principles of this cunning game, it will evince a clear proof that you are not our equals in wisdom; and, consequently, you will have no right any longer to exact from us either tribute or impost. On the contrary, we shall feel ourselves justified in demanding hereafter the same tribute from you; for man's true greatness consists in wisdom, not in territory and troops and riches, all of which are liable to decay.

"When Naushirwān had perused the letter from the Sovereign of Hind, long did he ponder over its contents. Then he carefully examined the chessboard and the pieces, and asked a few questions of the Envoy respecting their nature and use. The latter, in general terms, replied, 'Sire, what you wish to know can be learned only by playing the game; suffice it for me to say, that the board represents a battle-field, and the pieces, the different species of forces engaged in the combat.' Then the King said to the Envoy, 'Grant us the space of seven days for the purpose of deliberation; on the eighth day we engage to play with you the game, or acknowledge our inferiority.' Here the Indian Ambassador made his obeisance, and withdrew to the apartments provided for himself and his suite.

"In the meanwhile the Persian King commanded the attendance of all the learned and intelligent men of his Court. He placed before them the chessboard and the pieces, and explained to them the purport of the letter brought to him from the Sovereign of Hind. Then the sages of Iran, each according to his abilities, betook themselves to discover the mystery of this seemingly insoluble enigma. One man suggested one thing, and another something different. They made numberless experiments with the chessmen, and moved them about in all directions on the board. Every man asked questions which no one could answer; and thus they persevered till the seven days were nearly elapsed. At length Būzurmīr, the King's chief counsellor, who had hitherto stood aloof, stepped forward, and said, 'O King, I will undertake, in the space of a night and a day, to discover the hidden secret of this rare and wonderful game.' The King rejoicing, replied, 'Let this task be thine, for well do I know, that thou excellest all men in brightness of understanding and acuteness of judgment. The King of Kanōj boastfully hints that we have not in our dominions, one man capable of unfolding the mystery of this marvellous game. To be compelled, as it were, to acknowledge our inferiority, would leave an everlasting stain on the learned and the wise of Iran.'

"Then Būzurmīr had the chessboard and the pieces conveyed into a private chamber; and there he sat for the space of a day and a night, applying the irresistible powers of his penetrating intellect to the investigation of the principles and practice of the game. He examined with care the probable bearing of each piece, till at length the full light burst upon him. Then he hastened from his solitary chamber to the presence of Naushirwān, and thus spoke, 'O King of victorious destiny, I have carefully examined this board, and these pieces, and at length, by your Majesty's good fortune, I have succeeded in discovering the nature of the game (f). It is a most shrewd and faithful representation of a battle-field, which it is proper that your Majesty should inspect in the first place. In the meantime let the Indian Ambassador be summoned into the Royal presence, together with the more distinguished among his retinue, also a few of the wise and learned of our own Court, that they may all bear witness how we acquit ourselves in accomplishing the task imposed upon us by the King of Kanōj.'

"Kisra Naushirwān was delighted to hear the words of his wise and enlightened Minister. He embraced him as his friend, the ornament of his realm, and the brightest gem of his Court. Then he sent a deputation of the wise, the virtuous, the noble, and the brave, to conduct into his presence the Envoy from the Sovereign of Hind. When the latter arrived, Būzurmīr requested of him to declare in public the message entrusted to him by his own Sovereign. Here the Ambassador repeated in detail the purport of the letter addressed to Naushirwān. When he had done speaking, Būzurmīr placed the chessboard and the pieces before the King and the learned of the Court then present, and thus addressed them:—'You have all heard the words of the Ambassador from the King of Kanōj, now pay attention to what I am going to explain to you.' Here the sage counsellor pointed out to them how the board of sixty-four squares represented a battle-field, and thus he proceeded to draw up in battle array the ebony and ivory forces.

Arrangement of the Pieces.

"The King occupied the centre of the line in the rear; and, by his side, stood an intelligent counsellor, ready to guide him in the path of victory, and to defend him in the midst of the combat. Next to the King and counsellor stood the furious Elephants, impatient to rush forward into the deadly strife. Next in order stood the War Steeds, ready to spring forth to the aid and rescue of the King. On either flank stood the irresistible Rukhs (g), the chosen champions and guardians of the King and the army. Woe to the enemy that crossed the path of the Rukh, for he at one bound could clear the whole range of the battle-field. In front of these stood the Foot Soldiers, whose task it was to open the combat, at the command of their King.

Moves of the Pieces.

"The King moved one square in all directions. The counsellor moved one square diagonally around his sovereign. The Elephant, with head reared aloft, moved three squares diagonally, but attacked only the last of the three. The War Horse could spring three squares obliquely, clearing the square next to him. The heroic Rukh, longing for combat, rushed on in each of the four directions: he commanded the whole range of the battle field. The Foot Soldier, from either side, advanced straight forward at his King's command, in order to attack the hostile force; and in his onward march he slew the enemy obliquely, to the right hand and to the left. When he had traversed the whole field, as far as the opposite extremity, he was rewarded with the rank of Counsellor, and thenceforth took his stand by the side of his Sovereign.

"When Būzurmīr had thus explained the evolutions of the ebony and ivory warriors, the whole assembly stood mute in admiration and astonishment. The Indian Ambassador was filled with mingled vexation and surprise; he looked upon Būzurmīr as a man endowed with intelligence far beyond that of mere mortals; and thus he pondered in his own mind:—'How could he have discovered the nature and principles of this profound game? Can it be possible that he has received his information from the sages of Hind? Or, is it really the result of his own penetrating research, guided by the acuteness of his unaided judgment? Assuredly Būzurmīr has not this day his equal in the whole world.' In the meanwhile Naushirwān publicly acknowledged the unparalleled acuteness of his favourite counsellor. He sent for the most costly and massive goblet in his palace, and filled the same with the rarest of jewels. These, together with a war-steed, richly caparisoned, and a purse full of gold pieces, he presented to Būzurmīr."

Thus far Firdausi, on the first introduction of the game of Chess from India into Persia.

(f) I am afraid that all those who know something of the game of Chess, will be inclined to smile at the poet's assertion respecting the penetration and acuteness of Būzurmīr. Yet it is not quite so absurd as Sir William Jones's idea, "that some great genius conceived in his mind, the construction of the board, and the various species and powers of the pieces, and the whole conduct of the game from beginning to end, all by the first intention." One of our late Chess celebrities—undoubtedly the first of his time—M. Deschappelles, appears to have very nearly equaled the Persian sage in precocity. A very amusing account of the eminent French player's first debut in Chess, is given in the *Chess Player's Chronicle*, 1848, p. 87, translated from the "Palamède." For my own part I am no main believer in the marvellous; and I would, with due submission, just hint as a probability, that an able diplomatist—such as the Persian counsellor must have been—might have come to a *satisfactory* understanding with the Indian Envoy on this intricate affair, while the men of wisdom were elsewhere puzzling their brains in vainly trying to solve the enigma.

(g) It would be out of place here to trace the various transformations of the Sanskrit "Roka" into the Persian "Rukh," then into the Arabic "Rukhkh," thence into the "Bifrons Rochus" of the mediæval Latin writers, down to our own "Rook," i. e., "cornix frugivora," as Lyde hath it. Suffice it to say that the meaning attached to the word by Firdausi is evidently that of "Champion," or "Warrior," *par excellence*, and in more places than one he uses instead of "Rukh," what he seems to consider a synonymous term, viz., "mubāriz," a "hero." He describes him mounted on horseback, as in the following couplet—

"Mubāriz ki āsp afgānān bar do rā,
Ba dastī chap o rāst, parkhāsh-jū."

("A champion ready to urge on his war steed in either direction, to the right hand or to the left, longing for battle.")

Of course, the "Champion" would differ in armour, equipment, and appearance from the Knight. It is a curious fact that the Russians to this day call this piece by the same name that it originally had in Sanskrit, viz., "Lōd'a," or "Lōdya" (a "ship or boat"); a circumstance which would lead us to infer that the game reached them from India, direct through Thrace or Tartary, and not by way of Persia and Arabia, as in the case of the other European nations.

(To be continued.)



CHARGE OF LIGHT CAVALRY, AT BALACLAVA.

THE BATTLE OF BALACLAVA.

Each horseman drew his battle blade,
And furious every charger neighed
To join the dreadful revelry.
Then shook the hills with thunder riven,
Then rushed the steel to battle driven,
And louder than the bolts of heaven
Far flashed the red artillery.
The combat deepens. On, ye brave,
Who rush to glory or the grave!
Few, few shall part where many meet!
The snow shall be their winding sheet,
And every turf beneath their feet
Shall be a soldier's sepulchre.

HAD Campbell stood upon the heights, watching the fearful tournament, when, in the face of an army of infantry, artillery, and cavalry, our gallant Light Brigade, knowing their doom, charged to certain death, determined to die hard, he could not better have described the fatal combat of Balacava. There, ranking up, steady as on parade, rode beardless boys, "mothers' cursed darlings," side by side with the brown bearded heroes of Indian warfare—Moodkee, Aliwal, and Soobraon; and, though the shell and shot of cross batteries tore huge gaps in their files, and a hailstorm of rifle bullets emptied many a saddle, no unwounded man—private soldier or officer—checked his rapid, steady, pace, or swerved to right or left. On straight they rode, a handful of heroes, and sabred all before them. Lord Cardigan leaped the parapets before the Russian guns as coolly as he would an ex fence in Northamptonshire. Then followed the moment of the fearful mêlée, which our Artist has seized—the gunners were cut down at their guns—the opposing lines "broken, beaten, driven all adrift." But there is a limit to everything—horses blown, men are tired out, squadrons scattered. Then was the moment for reserves to have fallen on the discomfited enemy; but, alas! we had no reserves. An Hussar writes—"I turned to look for reserves, my heart sunk—there was nothing but our thin second line."

Then, hot and bleeding, and covered with the blood of enemies, the remnant, keeping close to their officers, fought their way back, only saved from total annihilation by the desperate charge upon one of the Russian batteries made by the Chasseurs d'Afrique.

And so, in a purposeless attack, our Light Cavalry Brigade was destroyed, thus affording one more instance of the mistake to which English cavalry officers have always been prone—attempts to move.

To attack an enemy of superior force, in the three arms, unbroken by previous fire of artillery, is against the first rules of cavalry tactics; to attempt such a charge without sufficient reserves, in the presence of an enemy superior in cavalry—sheer folly.

But to fully appreciate the determined valour of the heroes of Balacava, our non-military readers must understand that a charge over a distance of a mile and a quarter is not a mad gallop at full speed, in which every horseman rides as hard as he can; that would be merely running away toward the enemy.

The charge is a measured pace—trot, canter, gallop; the gallop timed by the commanding officer, so as not to outpace the slowest horse in the Brigade, and keep all in hand until the last hundred paces, and then to fall in a compact, irresistible body on the enemy's line.

The severe lesson and loss we have experienced from the want and the misusage of cavalry in the Crimea should not, however, dishearten us, but rather direct our attention to the excellent raw material we possess—material in every way superior to that of any country in the world, if we can get rid of Continental imitations, and the legacies of flipper left us by George IV., and his dandy Hussars.

Cavalry "ought to be at once the eye, the feeler, and the feeder of the army." It reaps the fruit of victory, covers a retreat, and retrieves a disaster. Cavalry consists of Heavy Cavalry, Dragoons, and Light Cavalry. Heavy Cavalry, composed of large men mounted on heavy powerful horses, are held in hand for decisive charges on the day of battle, and their horses are so overweighted that they require Light Cavalry to follow up the enemy they have beaten. The most possible care is taken of Heavy Cavalry in the field. They do no outpost duty, no foraging, no reconnoitring: they cannot be made use of even to escort a convoy, because, if kept out long on the road, their horses fall off in condition and become incapable of carrying their riders. Dragoons were originally intended to be infantry mounted on horses. In our service they are divided into light and heavy, the heavy being brigaded with the household troops when in the field.

Light Cavalry are required to watch over the safety of the army, hovering on the flanks and in the rear, to prevent all possibility of a surprise. In open country they push on, and keep the enemy at a proper distance.

Having the command of swift and powerful horses, we destroy their speed and endurance by placing giants upon them. The effect of a charge depends more on the swiftness and freshness of the horses than on their weight. Velocity makes weight. Fashion has led us to put our Grenadiers upon horseback. The Hungarian Hussars, the Polish Lancers, and the Chasseurs d'Afrique are ten-stone men, and the two former have repeatedly ridden down heavy Cuirassiers. The efficiency of the latter is well known.

RUSSIAN RECRUITING IN SWITZERLAND.—Accounts from Berne state that a letter had been received by the master-armourer of Zurich, from M. de Colette, the Secretary of the Government at St. Petersburg, inviting workmen and armourers from Switzerland to join the Russian regiments. All expenses to their destination would be paid, with a salary of about £40 per annum, and they would be placed at the head of the workmen in the regiment.

THE PIOUS CZAR.—At a recent meeting in Rochdale, Mr. Bright defended the Czar against some incidental allusions of the Rev. Canon Stowell, by observing that his Majesty was a contributor to the funds of the British and Foreign Bible Society. He stated that he had been informed that since the commencement of the negotiations which had led to the present war a shipment of Bibles and Testaments had been admitted into Russia duty free, to which extent he claimed for the Emperor the title of a subscriber to the great English association for promulgation of the Holy Scriptures.

SYMPTOMATIC.—At the grand representation extraordinary that took place on Tuesday night week at the Berlin Opera, in honour of Prince Charles Frederick's marriage, it was observed that the President of the Council, Baron von Manteuffel, took his seat, not accidentally, but intentionally, in the same box with the Marquis de Moustier and Lord Bloomfield (the French and English Ambassadors). Baron Budberg, the Russian Ambassador, and Count Benckendorff, the Russian Military Plenipotentiary, were seated in a box exactly opposite, on the other side of the house.

THE RUSSIAN TRADE ON THE PRUSSIAN FRONTIER.—From Königsberg mention was lately made of various caravans of kibitzes, of which one consisted of 150 of these one-horse vehicles, having arrived there loaded with hemp, flax, and tallow. From Tilsit (4th instant) letters state that goods are lying in immense quantities on the Russian side, without there being any means of forwarding them. Although all the peasantry for a long way round, whoever can procure a kibitz and horse, are attracted by the high wages to be earned there, their number does not suffice; nor are the custom-houses there, with their present staff, adequate to the increased work. The streets of Memel are still filled with Russian sledges and other vehicles, loaded with hemp, tallow, corn, linseed, and smelted copper; while from the sea-side are imported, for Russian consumption, coffee, sugar, sheet iron, twist, and cotton goods, and, above all, olive oil. This last article is used in great quantities during the fasts of the Greek Church, in the place of butter. The transit of pig lead has been prohibited by the Prussian Government, as being contraband of war. Salt seems to be one of the best articles of trade there just now; a million cwt. are stated to have been already exported to Russia, where the price has risen to three times what it formerly was.

LOSS OF AN AMERICAN SHIP.—The *Queen of the West*, one of the "Swallow-tail line" of packets from Liverpool to New York, was lost on Lough Erne, in Carrigrohane Bay, on the 14th instant. She sailed from New York on the 26th ult., under the command of Captain Pennell, with 140 passengers, and 2600 tons of merchandise. After the vessel went on shore, the passengers all landed. It is feared she will become a total wreck, but a large portion of her cargo is likely to be saved.

THE VOTE OF THANKS TO THE ARMY AND NAVY.

SPEECH OF LORD JOHN RUSSELL.

On Friday (last week) Lord John Russell (after laying on the table a copy of the Treaty between the Emperor of Austria and Her Majesty and the Emperor of the French) proceeded to move a vote of thanks to the Army and Navy engaged in the Crimea and Black Sea, and in so doing spoke as follows:—

In performing the task I have undertaken, I have the satisfaction of thinking that, however feebly and incompletely the task may be executed, I am sure of the sympathy of this House (Hear, hear). I cannot doubt that all those who were concerned with, or who approved of, the expedition that has been sent to the Crimea will gladly join in acknowledging and in admiring the constancy and the fortitude with which they have seen the service performed. I am still more sure that those who thought the expedition not quite wise, and that our army was exposed to duties for which it was unequal, will be still more inclined to admire the superhuman efforts that have been made by that army. I therefore, sir, now proceed to the task I have undertaken in the confidence that the House will approve of the motion I am about to propose. In performing that task, I may, perhaps, say at the outset, that I shall endeavour, as far as possible, to avoid repeating the details of actions the narratives of which have been given by Lord Raglan in his own clear and emphatic language (Hear, hear). I shall also endeavour to avoid entering into questions of tactics and military strategy. I hold we are none of us well qualified to perform a task which can only be adequately performed by those who are not only practically familiar with the art of war, but who also know all the circumstances of the operations which have been undertaken, and the manner in which those operations have been conducted. If I may give an illustration, I would mention that in the "History of the French Empire," the historian, in recounting the operations which belong to the battle of Wagram, states that the first Napoleon, having carried the battle to a certain extent, and seeing victory incline in his favour, ordered certain manoeuvres to be performed. He said afterwards that there was another manoeuvre which would have been far more decisive, and which would have had more splendid results; but as his army was not at that time composed of the veterans he had been accustomed to, and as many of his troops were young troops, he could not rely upon their steadiness for the manoeuvre, which was of a too difficult and delicate nature for them to perform. Now, sir, military critics, having discovered that such a manoeuvre may be performed, may easily blame that great commander for not having undertaken it. But he, knowing all the circumstances, being aware of the position of the ground, of the character and temper of his troops, no doubt judged rightly in the conduct which he pursued. So likewise with regard to every military operation. Unless you know exactly the nature of the ground on which the general is to operate, unless you can count exactly the force of which he is in command, and likewise the state and temper of that army, it is impossible to judge rightly with regard to the operations which were then performed. I say this because it is my intention only to state what operations have been performed, I have no doubt that they were performed with very great ability. I have no doubt that they were performed according to the best judgment that could be formed under the circumstances; but I do not intend upon this occasion to meet objections which might be made to any particular course of conduct.

Now, sir, let me proceed to state the position of Lord Raglan. Lord Raglan was chosen by her Majesty to command the expedition which was sent to the Crimea. That choice was dictated by the remembrance of the services he had performed, and of the character which he had attained, both in the Army and in the country. Lord Raglan, when a very young man, might have used the influence of a very powerful family in order to obtain any station to which he might have aspired. The only thing he asked of the Government of that day was to be attached to the staff of Sir Arthur Wellesley. He was attached to that staff, and from that time every step he has taken, and the command he at present holds, are due to his merit and to his merit only (Hear). I remember him perfectly well upon several occasions, when I had the honour of being at the headquarters of the Duke of Wellington, in the Peninsula, performing all the duties of the military correspondence of that great captain at a time when he had not only to conduct the military correspondence of the army, but also the correspondence with the Government at home, with the Secretary of State, with the Secretary of State for War, and also with the Portuguese and Spanish Governments. There was business enough to employ any office in this country which has the most business to perform, and yet it was all performed; owing to the clear head and the facility of dispatch of Lord Raglan. It was all done amid the hurry of the army, and with the hindrances arising from duty in the field. Accompanying the Duke of Wellington through his long career, he was at length wounded; but he returned to this country to perform other duties. And if the character of the officers of the British Army stands high, if the selection that has been made shows how much desert has been attended to, it is in a great degree to Lord Raglan that the country has been indebted for those officers (Hear). Such was the man, therefore, who was appointed by her Majesty to command the army in the East; and let me say further that, having been so appointed, he at once commanded the confidence and affection of the British Army, and in a very short time he obtained the entire confidence and hearty co-operation of the Generals of our ally the Emperor of the French. When we have to consider that these operations were operations to be conducted in common, that they were to be conducted in common with the forces of an ally with whom we had not been, at all events, accustomed to co-operate in the field, however intimate the alliance between the two Governments had been during peace, the House will see at once it was not only valour in the field—and more valour was never displayed—but it was other and no less necessary qualities in the character of Lord Raglan that have made him of such service to his country (Cheers). And now, sir, I will proceed to that expedition and to that contest in which some of the best blood of this country has been shed; and when I say the best blood of this country, I by no means intend to exclude any rank, military or social (Hear, hear). I consider that among the best blood of this country is the blood of those sons of labourers who, having entered the military profession, have devoted their whole hearts to their duty, who have stood in the field of battle without the hope or expectation of being distinguished by those rewards which reach those over them, out who have performed their duty gloriously, and at the same time with a feeling of religious obligation which has prevented them, while they have been foremost in assailing the enemy, from committing outrage upon the fallen (Hear, hear). And I am sure that these children of England are no less prized than the sons of the highest and noblest in the land (Hear, hear).

The embarkation of the British troops took place towards the end of August. In a despatch of the 29th of that month Lord Raglan mentions the acknowledgments that he thinks are due to the officers of the British Army—of whom I shall take notice hereafter, when I come to that part of the vote of thanks for the assistance they had given in order to effect the embarkation of so large a number of troops (Hear, hear). The expedition proceeded to the Crimea. There was some question with respect to the place of disembarkation. Lord Raglan himself preceded the fleet in a swift steamer, surveyed the coast, found that some points which had been thought of for landing the troops were guarded by new redoubts and fortifications, and at length fixed upon a place for disembarking the troops, to which he obtained the assent of Marshal St. Arnaud, the Commander of the French army (Hear, hear). This selection was so judicious, that the whole army was disembarked without opposition; and that important operation was effected safely and completely in the course of a short time (Hear, hear). That, sir, was a

worthy proof of the skill of Lord Raglan, and was calculated to give great satisfaction to this country (Hear, hear). Having landed on the 14th, the army proceeded, and made a march of considerable length on the 19th. On the 20th of that month they had to march a few miles further, and found the Russian army intrenched upon the heights above the Alma. They attacked them; and, in the course of a few hours, made themselves masters of those heights—the Russian army making no further attempt to occupy or retake that position (Hear, hear). It was a position well chosen: of great natural strength; and so strong, that, to the right of the Russians, the position was quite unassailable, from the precipitous nature of the ground. It is generally believed that Prince Menschikoff, who there commanded, said it was a position at which the Allied army might be kept at bay for three weeks, and thereby prevented from proceeding to the siege of Sebastopol; yet such was the brilliant valour of the English and French troops, that they carried the heights (Cheers). The Light Division of the British army were received with volleys of musketry and grape, which for a time thinned their ranks; but the brigades at large came up, and attacked the position with such force, vigour, and determination, that the Russians yielded the heights—never again to be recovered (Cheers). Sir, I have already said that, with regard to the details of these actions, Lord Raglan himself has told them in the clearest language. I may mention, however, some circumstances relating to that noble Lord himself. Marshal St. Arnaud carried at the same time the left of the Russian position (Cheers). The charge of the French was so impetuous and so vigorous, that the Russians yielded the ground, and the French army was established on the heights that had been occupied by the Russians (Cheers). On the British side great masses of troops were collected. Lord Raglan, seeing the great force with which he had to contend, desired an officer of his staff to go to a height that he saw, and see if there was any chance of planting a cannon on that height (Hear, hear). The officer, on rejoining him, said he thought it was possible. Lord Raglan immediately directed two guns to be taken to that height. The Russian artillery was so powerful and excessive, that most of the artillerymen who accompanied those guns were killed in ascending the height, but the guns were placed where Lord Raglan had desired. Officers of his own staff fired the first shots from those guns, and at first they were not effective; but presently they got the range, and their shots were so directed against the masses of the Russian army, that they made deep chasms in that dense mass; and after a time the whole body began to move, the columns were shaken, and the Russians commenced their retreat (Cheers). Such was a proof, as I conceive, of the effect that can be produced by a General seeing the point where the enemy may be attacked, and directing the attack as he did with the coolness that belongs to him, and the decision that is likewise his characteristic (Cheers). It was a proof that he saw the mode in which the great forces of the enemy might be successfully opposed; and when I speak of the coolness of Lord Raglan, I may perhaps be permitted to mention that his staff thinking that he exposed himself too much, that he had gone too far in advance, that the Russian fire was so hot in that point that the life of the commander ought not to be risked, one of them said to him that he thought he was exposing himself too much. Lord Raglan's answer was, "Do not speak to me, no; I am busy" (Cheers and laughter). There is nothing of epigrammatic wit—there is nothing, perhaps, of heroic sentiment in these words; but they were the words of an English gentleman attentive to his duty, and quite regardless of any danger he might incur in the discharge of it (Cheers).

After the battle of the Alma was thus gained, the army halted for a time, while both the military and the seamen of the fleet were employed in assisting the wounded, carrying them to the ships, and burying the dead (Hear, hear). After a time the English and French army proceeded on their march. It was found that they crossed the next river, the Katscha, without difficulty, the enemy having abandoned all defence of that river; but when they came to the Belbec, they found there certain works which the Russians had erected to prevent the disembarkation of military stores by the Allied forces at that time (Hear, hear). Great consultation was necessary, and it was considered whether these works should be attacked, whether the army should proceed, as had been originally intended, to attack the north side of Sebastopol, or whether some other course should not be taken. It was decided that, instead of occupying themselves in reducing those forts, the army should at once, at all risk, march across the woods to the south of Sebastopol, and endeavour to make themselves masters of Balacava. That march was accomplished on the 25th of September. It was conducted with great skill; the army being exposed, of course, to the danger of a flank attack while they were performing it; but it was most successfully performed. They seem to have surprised the Russian commander; for the rear-guard of the Russian army was met on the road to Sebastopol. The English and French army proceeded without difficulty; they made themselves masters of Balacava, and of the country between that port and Sebastopol. I believe that operation was one showing great skill. But immediately after the operation Lord Raglan had to lament that the officer with whom he had so co-operated, and with whom he had consulted both as to the original decision upon the undertaking of the expedition, as to the means of embarkation of the force, and of disembarking them, and as to the fight at Alma, was so reduced by illness that he could no longer continue the command (Hear). Marshal St. Arnaud, with heroic spirit, had determined to persevere to the last in performing his duty to his Sovereign and to his country (Hear). He was determined, although in a few weeks or perhaps in a few days, nothing but his dead bust should remain, that that bust should not be without its laurels (Cheers). In a day or two expired an officer who had shown so much gallantry and heroism, with whom the army had every reason to be satisfied, and who would always be considered as a man who, to the last days of his life, had performed his duty (Cheers). I cannot omit here the words in which Marshal St. Arnaud spoke of Lord Raglan at the battle of the Alma, because they are the words of the chief of the army of another nation, and while they show the generosity of the writer, they seem to bestow worthy praise on the character of Lord Raglan. He says:—"The bravery of Lord Raglan rivals that of antiquity. In the midst of cannon and musket-shot he displayed a calmness which never left him" (Cheers). The command of the French then fell into the hands of General Canrobert; and it is with great satisfaction I say that, ever since he has had the command, Lord Raglan and General Canrobert have acted together with a rivalry only as to who should best serve the common cause—with no other rivalry, with no species of jealousy—each admiring and upholding the character and the actions of the other (Cheers).

On the 28th of September the armies occupied the heights in the neighbourhood of Sebastopol. About ten days had elapsed when, after a full examination of the ground, it was the impression of Sir John Burgoyne and other eminent officers (and I mention Sir John Burgoyne because he was the best qualified to give an opinion on the subject)—the impression of Sir John Burgoyne was, that the task would be far more difficult than had been supposed (Hear, hear). It had been imagined that the regular fortifications of Sebastopol on the land side never having been protected, the Allied army might have begun operations close to the town, and destroyed those defences. They considered that with such artillery as they had ready the capture of the town might be very soon accomplished. When I look back to letters that were written at that time by various officers, and transmitted to us by our Ambassador at Constantinople, I find confident expectations expressed that Sebastopol would soon fall. But Sir John Burgoyne, upon examining the ground, found that the hills, as they extended towards Sebastopol, opened into wide ravines separated from each other, and that the troops that were placed upon one part of the hill could not co-operate with the troops that were upon another (Hear, hear). He therefore found that it would be very difficult to carry on the approaches in the way originally intended, and that it would be dangerous above all to leave any part of the English force unsupported upon such ground as I have described (Hear, hear). It was accordingly necessary to bring as much heavy artillery into the batteries as could be brought, and the work which our soldiers did, both day and night, was performed with the utmost perseverance, in order to place the heavy artillery in position to destroy the defences of the place; but it was obvious to the moment: that determination—that necessary determination—was taken, the prospect became one of a very different character; for the Russians, having a great quantity of heavy artillery in Sebastopol, and all the guns likewise of their large fleet, and having a considerable garrison, and the whole of the men that formed the crews of the ships, not counting the population of Sebastopol, commanded a force that was equal, if not superior, to ours (Hear, hear). From that moment, therefore, the task became one of very great labour and difficulty; and both on the French side and on the side of the British nothing was left undone in order to hasten on this work, and to open a formidable fire on the Russian defences (Cheers). On the 17th of October that fire was opened, and produced a very considerable effect. Many of the guns in the batteries of the Russians were dismantled, and their works were, for the time, nearly destroyed. At the same time the fleets—both English and French—came near to the forts on the sea side, and opened a most formidable fire for some hours

against those defences: but that fire did not produce the effect of opening the place to the immediate assault of the Allies, for the Russians occupied themselves during the night in repairing the defences that had been destroyed, and in placing other guns as substitutes for those that had been dismounted.

So affairs went on until the 25th of October, when the Russians, coming round by the valley of Balaklava, made an attack upon certain redoubts in the neighbourhood. Those redoubts were occupied by the Turks, and the Russians succeeded in attacking them. A great force of cavalry advanced, but a body of the heavy cavalry of the British, not regarding the superiority of numbers, attacked the Russian cavalry and forced it to retire. Later on the same day, by the misconstruction of an order which had been given by Lord Raglan, an attack was made by the Light Cavalry upon the lines of the Russians, consisting of batteries of artillery and large bodies of infantry and cavalry (Cheers). Nothing could be more distinguished than the bravery of these men (Loud cheers). I believe at no time, in the annals of the British Army has courage been more signally displayed (Cheers). We may lament that the action was not fruitful, and that it did not produce against the force to which it was sent that effect which under different circumstances it might have caused; but that is not the least disparagement to the valour of the men (Cheers) who thus were ready at any risk, and with those immense odds against them, to charge the enemy that they saw before them, and whom they were directed to attack (Cheers).

The works of the siege, being in themselves very laborious, occupied a far more than ordinary proportion of the besieging force—those works being the more fatiguing, because a great portion of the men were taken away by sickness and cholera (Hear, hear). Those men were thus employed when an immense effort was made by the commanders of the Russian forces—perhaps I should rather say by the Emperor of Russia himself, for two of his sons were present—in order to overwhelm the force of the Allies, which was on one side besieging a great fortified place with a numerous garrison and intrenchments defended by prodigious artillery, and on the other hand confronting the Russian army (Hear, hear). That attempt was made, it is said, by more than 60,000 men: I should think it probable that the number was not less than 80,000. They were troops that had not been present at the battle of the Alma. They were troops who did not know the enemy they had to encounter (Cheers). Those troops—roused to the utmost pitch of fanaticism, and, it is said, with their courage animated by other means—came in vast columns to the attack of the British on the heights of Inkerman (Hear, hear). Lord Raglan has related the events of that battle. He has stated how, in the darkness of night and in the fog of the morning, the Russians were able to place very considerable artillery—no less than ninety pieces—and to advance vast columns close to the English position (Hear, hear). In that darkness and that thickness of the fog it was impossible to exercise the powers and the discrimination of a Commander. It was impossible to survey the enemy and to direct operations against them. There were but 8000 men on the field. But, although their numbers were few—although they had been weakened by sickness and by battle—although they presented themselves ragged and exhausted from the privations they had endured—although, amidst the darkness, they could hardly recognise their companions and comrades amongst their own regiments—although a great portion of them came to the field after twenty-four hours' work in the trenches, and after hard labour and privation, and although they had not time to take even a scanty meal before they met this powerful enemy, they retained the unquenched and unquenchable spirit of the British soldier, and that spirit was triumphant (Cheers). That was—as my right hon. friend, the Secretary-at-War truly said the other night—the battle of the soldier (Cheers). That band of heroes, exposed as they were to artillery, against which nothing for a very long time could have stood, might at last—not have been driven from the field—not have been defeated—but might at last have left their lives upon those heights, and those heights might have been occupied by the enemy, in consequence of the smallness of the numbers being opposed to them, had there not, at this moment, after they had stood for hours this tremendous attack, arrived a reinforcement of the French allies (Cheers), commanded by General Borquet, one of the most distinguished chiefs of the French army (Cheers), who directed with skill and valour those French troops, who rushed on with such impetuosity that they saved the day; they saved the position and saved both armies from that danger which otherwise might have overwhelmed them had the Russians obtained possession of any part of their position (Hear, hear). But yet, sir, with those French allies, they were but 14,000 men who fought that battle (Cheers). I believe, in point of destruction of an enemy, scarcely any battle has been equal to it (Hear). More than 5000 dead were left upon the field of battle by the Russians. We cannot count them less, and it was a very moderate calculation to say that three times as many must have been wounded. And thus these 14,000 men caused a loss of far more than their own number (Cheers). I believe, sir, there are no modern annals that contain the history of a battle which redounds more to the honour of those who fought it than the battle to which I have just alluded (Cheers). It has caused desolation and affliction to many; but I am persuaded that the renown of that battle will not be forgotten, and that the effect will last until future generations (Cheers). We have seen that, in the course of that battle, there were at one time various changes of the forces, but we have seen that the heroism of those brave troops prevailed; and those who have met these troops—those who have to give an account of what it is to attack such troops, will be slow to think that Russia can attain advantages from the war which she is waging against two such countries (Cheers).

I will now advert only to the general opinion of the siege which has been undertaken, and the assistance we have received from the navy (Cheers). The general opinion of the siege, as I have stated, is, that although it has been conducted by officers of great experience, the work is at the same time of the most laborious kind, and the sufferings and privation of our troops have been such as never have been equalled (Hear). And, sir, in alluding to the loss that we have sustained, I cannot omit one name—the name of a General who fell in the battle of Inkerman, because, from his character, from his talents, and from his former services, the country had every right to expect a complete military commander in his person (Hear, hear). I allude to Sir George Cathcart (Hear, hear). He behaved at all times with the highest spirit. He was so esteemed by every one that when there was a question of sending out a Governor to the Cape at a time of emergency, his great commander, the Duke of Wellington, and persons of less authority, concurred in saying that no more skilful commander, no wiser chief, could be found than Sir George Cathcart (Hear, hear). I remember seeing him this year, having just returned from that command, having fulfilled the expectations of his Sovereign and his country; and he heard with joy and exultation of his good fortune in being at once appointed to a command in the Crimea (Hear, hear). To the last hour of his life—to the last minute of his life—according to those who saw him, that loyal exultation seems to have continued (Hear, hear). He had no further ambition, he had no other wish, but to give his life to his country, and spend the last drop of his blood in her service (Cheers). Those are the men who do honour to this country, and who never will be forgotten (Loud cheers).

The next vote I shall have to propose to you will be a vote of thanks to the Navy (Cheers). I have mentioned that Lord Raglan in performing the service of embarking the troops and assisting them were beyond all praise—that from Admiral Dundas to the lowest sailor the same zeal and the same care had been displayed for their safety; and he mentioned especially the conduct of Sir Edmund Lyons (Loud cheers). In relating the account of the battle of the Alma, he used some words which I think I ought to quote (Hear, hear). After expressing his deep feeling of gratitude to the navy, he said:—"I watched the progress of the day with the most intense anxiety; and, as the best way of evincing their participation in our success, and their sympathy in the sufferings of the wounded, they never ceased, from the close of the battle till we left the ground this morning, to provide for the sick and wounded, and to carry them down to the beach; a labour in which some of the officers even volunteered to assist—an act which I shall never cease to recollect with the warmest thankfulness. I mention no names, fearing I might omit some one who ought to be spoken of; but none who were associated with us spared any exertion they could apply to so sacred a duty. Sir Edmund Lyons, who had charge of the whole, was, as always, most prominent in rendering assistance, and providing for emergencies." Thus it is that he speaks of this distinguished officer—this man who is an honour to the service to which he belongs—and one from whom, I trust, we may still expect great and brilliant services in the course of the war in which we are now engaged (Cheers). A man of more ability in whatever position he may be employed I scarcely ever met with, and his services are well known to his country (Cheers). After this operation, Sir E. Lyons was again most forward and most zealous at Balaklava. He entered the harbour at the same time that Lord Raglan was descending

to the place, and from that time to the present he has been ever foremost in rendering every assistance to the army (Cheers). When the fire was opened against the place, Lord Raglan and General Canrobert asked Admiral Dundas and Admiral Hamelin to co-operate with the fire of their ships against the batteries on the sea side. That service was willingly undertaken. The injury caused, as I have said, to the land batteries, was not such as to enable the troops to attempt immediately to attack the place, and therefore the fire of the ships did not produce any effect, except for a time (Hear, hear). But had the army been able, while the batteries were stopped, to lay open the place, as seems to have been expected, then the diversion thus caused would have been most useful (Hear, hear). I believe every officer engaged in that service performed his duty and discharged it to the satisfaction of his superiors (Cheers).

After proposing this motion, I shall venture to propose a vote that is perhaps unusual and without precedent (Cheers). But I think the feeling of the country has been such (Loud cheering, which interrupted the noble Lord) that the House will readily agree to it (Renewed cheers). I mean to propose a vote of thanks to General Canrobert (Cheers) and to the officers and men who have co-operated with her Majesty's forces in the war (Renewed and loud cheers). Sir, such has been the feeling shown that I believe that the gallant acts which have been performed by the English and French conjointly—two many nations which have always respected each other—have been such that bonds of friendship have been formed which will not be easily severed (Cheers), so that those two nations, the most enlightened, the most able, the most spirited in Europe, may always act in alliance together, and give an example to Europe of duties resolutely performed and high principles adequately maintained (Renewed cheers). Sir, I likewise mean to propose a vote lamenting the fate of those who have perished in this action, and offering the expression of our condolence to the families of those brave men who have died (Hear, hear).

There is still a part of the task which I have to perform which I think I ought not to omit, but which I cannot perform without some painful feeling. All the accounts we have received from those who witnessed the last action at Inkerman—there were some similar accounts with respect to the battle of Alma—but all those relating to Inkerman state that when the officers and soldiers of the Allied armies fell wounded on the field of battle, the Russian troops, instead of taking them prisoners, immediately used their bayonets, and dispatched those unfortunate men on the field (Murmure). Lord Raglan and General Canrobert thought that this introduction of such a practice, so abhorrent to humanity (Loud cheers), so different from the usages of civilised warfare, ought not to pass unnoted. Lord Raglan, therefore, ordered evidence to be taken by the Judge-Advocate on the spot. Twenty-four witnesses were examined: twenty-four officers and soldiers deposed to having been witnesses of these acts of barbarity on the part of the Russian soldiers, who were, in some instances, as they thought, instigated by Russian officers. The Commanders-in-Chief of the Allies sent a flag of truce to Prince Menschikoff, to represent the circumstances to him, and to say that they felt quite convinced that such acts as that must have been committed against his orders, and trusted that he would take severe measures to prevent such barbarities in future. I do wish I could say that the answer of Prince Menschikoff expressed that readiness which every one would have expected from an officer in his position; but he states that it is not the custom of the Russian troops to give a quarter, though the troops might have been excited, because a church had been burnt by some detachments of the Allies. It is said, whether truly or not, that a church had been entered and sacked by some soldiers; but that such an act should be mentioned as any palliation (Hear, hear), I must say I think is not to the credit of the Russian Commander (Hear, hear). We all know what was the conduct of the French and English to each other when they were fighting continually on the battle-field of the last war (Hear, hear); we all know that in the Peninsula, after the battle was over, they would meet in the same stream with their cross-belts off, as the Duke of Richmond said—that they would help one another and converse in the most friendly manner together, showing their mutual respect for the actions of each other. We know that when a vidette was seen upon the army being about to advance, whether it were the English army going to advance against the French, or the French against the English, that, scorning to take advantage, they gave him warning of the approach of the army, and sometimes helped him with his knapsack, in order that he might gain the shelter of his comrades. Such actions, sir, are characteristic of civilised nations; and in such a spirit one would have hoped that war in this nineteenth century would have been carried on. I am afraid that it shows—not, certainly, that any Russian General would order such atrocities; not, certainly, that the great Sovereign of the Russian empire would countenance for a moment such barbarous acts; but it shows that the enemy with whom we are to deal, if he obtained the command over that fair part of Europe, instead of civilising and improving it, would not only destroy the arts of peace, but even darken the horrors of war (Cries of "Hear, hear"). I therefore trust, sir, that the cause of England and France may be triumphant, believing that it is connected with all the best interests of civilisation, with the progress of humanity, and the spread of real religion (Cheers). Men who have been thus excited by fanaticism—as we all know they were previous to the battle of Inkerman—who were called upon in the name of the Christian religion to take up arms and go into the field, were guilty within a few hours of such acts as I have mentioned (Hear, hear). I do trust that the Government of Russia, ashamed of these acts, will take some means to prevent any repetition of them.

Sir, there is but one thing further that I have to say, and it is of a more agreeable nature in itself, and one in which I trust I shall have the concurrence of this House. It was said, in reference to one of the victories gained in the course of the last war, by Mr. Wyndham, that, for his part, he would rather have to celebrate a gallant feat of arms performed by the British army, than to record the conquest of a whole archipelago of sugar islands. I am convinced that that saying of his was as wise as it was forcible and pointed. It is in these things that the life of a nation consists; it is by actions such as we have to commemorate to-day that the spirit of a nation is maintained from age to age (Hear, hear). It is by battles such as we have the glory to record in our history—by battles such as the French likewise have to record in their history—it is by such battles and victories that each nation has its separate existence, and that it is ready to defend its independence, at whatever cost (Hear, hear). We have been for years, all of us, the Parliament and the people of every class, engaged in speculation and in practices concerning the progress of wealth concerning the arts, and the machinery, and the improvements of peace. We have shown that those studies, that a devotion to such pursuits, have not in the least abated that fire which belongs to this nation; we have shown that, whether it be England, whether it be Scotland, whether it be Ireland, a similar spirit animates the whole United Kingdom, and that we are ready to peril in a just cause all that is most dear to men. I say again, sir, that no victories which have been gained in such a cause as the present, and with such a spirit as the nation has shown, can fail to redound to our honour and to our fame in future generations, and to exhibit this nation to all after-time as an object of respect and admiration to the world (Loud and continued cheering).

THE FOREIGN FRUIT TRADES OF LONDON.

Of this trade, involving great interests, and employing an immense capital, we gave some interesting details in a former Volume. We find the accompanying account of the trade in Sir Francis Head's admirable paper, the "London Commissariat," in the last published number of the *Quarterly Review*.

The foreign fruit trade has its headquarters in the city. The pedestrian who walks down Fish-street Hill would scarcely ever surmise that at a short distance from the river, and within a few minutes' walk of the London Bridge, there was a place where the world's most famous fruit market was held. All the world knows the name of the market, and the name of the place, and the name of the man who is the master of the place. The market is held in the old building which was once a warehouse, and which is now a market. On the occasion of the long apartment makes a show, before which, for quantity at least, that of Chiswick pales. Pine-apples by thousands, melons, figs, and mangoes, fill the room from end to end; so full is it that the display, that there are like a map of the world, in which the various countries are seen walking about, as if they were the people of the world. The market is held in the old building which was once a warehouse, and which is now a market. On the occasion of the long apartment makes a show, before which, for quantity at least, that of Chiswick pales. Pine-apples by thousands, melons, figs, and mangoes, fill the room from end to end; so full is it that the display, that there are like a map of the world, in which the various countries are seen walking about, as if they were the people of the world. The market is held in the old building which was once a warehouse, and which is now a market. On the occasion of the long apartment makes a show, before which, for quantity at least, that of Chiswick pales. Pine-apples by thousands, melons, figs, and mangoes, fill the room from end to end; so full is it that the display, that there are like a map of the world, in which the various countries are seen walking about, as if they were the people of the world.

Holland. Spain is known to abound in melons, for Marillo's beggar-boys are perpetually eating them; but we believe it will be news to most Englishmen that the land of dykes supplies London with fragrant cargoes of an almost tropical fruit. The largest foreign-fruit trade, however, by far, is that in oranges. We shall perhaps astonish our readers when we tell them that upwards of 60,000,000 are imported for the use of London alone, accompanied by not less than 15,000,000 lemons. Any time between December and May the orange clippers from the Azores and Lisbon may be seen unloading their cargoes in the neighbourhood of the great stores in Pudding and Botolph Lanes. There are 240 of these fast-sailing vessels engaged in the entire trade, and of this fleet seventy at least are employed in supplying the windows of the fruiterers and the apple-stalls of London. All these fruits, together with nuts and walnuts, apples, plums, pears, and some peaches, &c., are disposed of weekly at the auction sales in Monument-yard to the general dealers, the majority of whom are located in Duke's-place, close at hand, and are mostly Jews. Indeed, we are informed that many of them are the identical boys grown up to manhood, that used some twenty-five years ago to sell oranges about the streets, and whose old place has gradually been taken by the Irish. They act as middlemen between the importers and the peripatetics, who at certain times of the day resort hither to fill their baskets and barrows. Covent-garden also supplies retailers of oranges and nuts, especially on Sunday mornings, when the place is sometimes crowded like a fair. The following bill of quantities, drawn up by Mr. Keeling, is derived, we believe, from the Custom House returns:—

FRUIT.		NUTS.	
Apples	39,561 bushels.	Spanish nuts }	72,500 bushels.
Pears	19,742 "	Barcelona }	"
Cherries	264,240 lbs.	Brazil	11,700 "
Grapes	1,328,190 "	Chestnuts	26,250 "
Pine-apples ..	260,000 "	Walnuts	36,088 "
Oranges	61,635,146	Cocoa-nuts ..	1,255,000 "
Lemons	15,408,783		

THE FLOWERS OF THE SEA

The land has its flowers;—

Everywhere about us are they glowing.

They spangle the meadows—they open under the leafy canopy of the forest—they brave the wind that sweeps over the heath-land mountain—they lurk in tiny nooks and recesses—in the crevices of old ruins, and in the fissures of rocks. "Call them not weeds," they are ornaments freely showered around us by the hand of nature.

The land has its flowers, and so has the ocean: but who ranges amidst these "treasures of the deep"? Unseen by human eye, they display their glories, some on rocks, some in nooks and caves, where long fronds of algae, and delicately arborescent zoophytes bend over them in their tranquil asylum. Strange things, the smaller monsters of the deep, of uncouth aspect, creep and crawl around; shells pave their resting-place, and golden-tinted fishes sail over and among them. But these Flowers of the Sea are of animal, not vegetable structure; and the expansion of their disc, and the protrusion of its filamentous appendages are voluntary; they can retract these organs within themselves, and thus assume the appearance of a bud.

These animal flowers are generally called Sea Anemones (*Actinize*), and are amongst the most curious of the lower orders of the Animal Kingdom. Few know anything connected with their history; many, indeed, are not aware of the existence of such beings, or have only learned it by watching them in the cisterns of the Aquatic Vivarium, at the Zoological Society's Gardens. These cisterns contain many rare and beautiful species—some of great magnitude, and of varying colours.

The Sea Anemones are very extensively distributed; they inhabit all seas, and are found at different degrees of depth, and in different localities, according to the species. Many are tenants of the British seas; some residing in deep water; others are fixed to rocks close along the shore, and left exposed by the retiring tide; others bury themselves in the sand of the beach, or in the sandy bed of gullies, intersecting low reefs overgrown with sea-weed. These latter may be often seen in clear water when the sun is brightly shining, with their richly-tinted discs fringed with multitudinous worm-like arms or tentacles, spread out like a full-blown flower; but, on the least alarm, they bury themselves in the sand with extraordinary celerity, retracting their arms and closing up the disc at the same instant.

Nothing is more attractive than a rock-garden teeming with Sea Anemones. There are few parts along our coasts where they are not to be met with; but in some localities they are especially abundant. At ebb-tide these rocks are left bare, and are often easy of access; among them are quiet nooks, and grottoes, and jutting shelves, "coins of 'vantage,'" and little basins of the clearest water. Over all these beds of support may be seen thousands of Sea Anemones, often in dense array, displaying their azure disc and green and purple-tinted arms to the light of the warm sun. If we quietly watch them we may see all their movements: some are wreathing their arms in various directions, as if in quest of food (for, be it known, they are very voracious), and woe to the little crab or sea-snail round which they enfold themselves. Some are in the act of engulfing their prey; some are leisurely expanding their disc and tentacles. But, now, let a dark cloud obscure the sun, and suddenly every disc is closed—every flower assumes the form of a conical or rounded mass of gelatinous flesh. Yet, they see not, and (in our sense of the word) feel not; nevertheless, they are sensitive of light, and shrink under a cloud.

These Sea Anemones, if carefully disengaged from the rocks to which they adhere by a basal sucker, may be put into a bowl of sea-water (renewed daily), and will live for a considerable time—affording an object of the highest interest. The same observations apply to the sand-haunting species, richly tinted with orange and bright vermilion. They resemble a bouquet of ever-changing, never-withering, blossoms, of unequalled beauty. Thus may their habits be observed at leisure, for they will take food freely, swallowing crabs and shell-fish, marine insects, and small fishes. Of these the soft parts only are digested: the rest are cast forth, as the falcon or the owl cast back the bones, feathers, and fur of the prey on which they have gorged. Their mode of taking food is by enfolding it in their rainbow-tinted arms and gradually forcing it into the mouth, seated in the centre of the disc and very dilatable, and which leads to a large digestive cavity. Often may they be seen to fill this cavity with water, and so to distend themselves till the disc swells up like a large bubble; but on the least alarm, they forcibly eject the water, retract their arms, and assume the appearance of a simple fleshy mass, soon again to unfold and reassume its flower-like aspect.

As the rock-frequenting *Actinize* or Anemones adhere to the surface of the stone with great tenacity, it requires some care to disengage them without injury. This may be done, however, by cautiously insinuating a broad, thin knife-blade beneath them, or a slight ivory paper-cutter. Do these Sea Anemones remain fixed on the rocks during the whole of the year? This is a doubtful point. The Abbé Dignemare, who regards these creatures as more certain indicators of fine weather than is the barometer, states that they change their abode on the approach of winter. They are certainly not so fixed that they cannot change their situation; they can slowly glide over the surface of the rock, and they can also entirely detach themselves, and, filling themselves with water, so as to become of the same specific gravity as their native fluid, suffer themselves to be floated to another spot. Thus some abandon themselves, to a certain extent, to the current of the water, and others sink into snug recesses or basins; but we cannot quite assent to the Abbé's assertion that they turn themselves inside out, and, using their tentacles as feet, crawl along till they find a suitable spot in which to fix, where the temperature of the water is congenial. At the same time, we do not positively deny it.

We have said that the Sea Anemones do not feel in our sense of the word. But they do feel, yet not as we feel, for they feel light and darkness; they are eminently endowed with that sense which the physiologist terms irritability, a principle unconnected with a nervous system, and which prevails greatly among the lower animals, as polypes, zoophytes, &c., and also is displayed by plants, as the sensitive plant, the sunflower, and many more.

Where there are no nerves and no brain, pain cannot be felt. It has, indeed, been asserted that nervous fibres radiating from several central points, have been detected at the base of these *Actinize*. This is

* These creatures seem to be paralysed when once secured in the grasp of the arms—they yield with scarcely a struggle, and are, perhaps, poisoned by the secretion oozing from apparently feeble, but really energetic, organs. We know that the sea-star clasps the oyster-shell in its embrace, and devours the enclosed delicacy. It would appear that the oyster-shell, when thus secured, soon opens—otherwise it would be an invulnerable fortress; but, as is pretty correctly ascertained, a paralytic poison thrown out by the sea-star (*Asterias*), and taken in by the unconscious oyster, renders the mollusc incapable of keeping the valves tightly closed; these soon gape, and the dead or dying prey is sucked up by its aggressor. The destruction of oysters by the sea-star was as well known to the ancients as it is among our drsders, who, whenever they draw up one of these creatures, tear it asunder and throw it overboard. Vain trouble, for each fragment becomes a new and perfect being, and thus are these tyrants multiplied.

doubtful; but, even granting it, we cannot thence deduce susceptibility to pain. We make these observations because these Sea Anemones may be divided with impunity; each part will then become a perfect and distinct individual, and thus life, as by the cuttings of a plant, is multiplied. When the Anemone is severed transversely, the basal portion is said to be about two months in gaining its disc and rows of arms. With respect to muscular fibres and glands, whence a slippery moisture exudes, these are abundant and beautifully arranged; but we are not permitted here to enter into abstruse details. Suffice it to say that the arm or tentacles are hollow.

The body or stem of the Sea Anemone, when the crowning disc and its arms are expanded, is cylindrical; often of considerable length, and circumference. It is soft and fleshy to feel, and covered with a delicate skin lubricated with a mucous secretion. In some parts of the East many species of these animals are used as articles of luxury for the table; so also, are certain fleshy marine animals, called from their shape sea cucumbers, Tripang, or Trepan, and in French *Tripe de mer* (*Holothuria*); for the capture of which an extensive fishery is carried on by fleets of Malay proas in the seas north of Australia, and around the coasts of Timor, New Guinea, Ceylon, Macassar, &c. Vast quantities of these, after being split, and dried in the sun, are sent to China, where the cargo of each vessel finds a ready and profitable market. Besides these sea cucumbers, the vessels also trade in sharks' fins, and the gelatinous nest of a certain species of cave-haunting swallow. But the consumption of these sea cucumbers and these Sea Anemones is not confined to China and the Eastern islands. We learn from Delle Chiage, that the poorer inhabitants of the Neapolitan coast prepare and eat certain species of the former found in the Mediterranean; and one species (if not more) of Sea Anemone (*Actinia ferdinanda*), found in the same sea, and ornamented with deep crimson tentacles, is in some parts of Italy esteemed as a great delicacy for the table.

The Sea Anemones are very variable, according to the species, in the character of the disc, and the arrangement of the tentacles. Most beautiful and curious species are found in the Mediterranean, and in the South Pacific; but our own seas have many species of great singularity and splendour. Of these, as most easily attainable, we may mention the large leathery Sea Anemone (*Actinia senilis*), and the small leathery Anemone (*A. coriacea*)—both sand-burrowing species; the purple Sea Anemone (*A. equina*), of rocks and reefs; and

the white Anemone (*A. plumosa*). This species is white; the margin of the disc is developed into lobes, each lobe being furnished with numerous tentacles—short, and closely set. It often measures four inches in breadth.

Let us now turn to our Illustration, taken from a group in one of the cisterns in the Gardens of the Zoological Society. How picturesque—how beautiful—how strange—how fantastic, how luxuriant! Calm and undisturbed, they display themselves to the admirer's gaze in all their prodigality of form. Corals and sea-weeds are around them; shells glisten on their bed; and groups of small fishes leisurely swim about them. It was a happy idea, and admirably carried out, which led to the design and construction of these crystal prisons, wherein the rare and the strange things of the waters are presented to our contemplation—amidst submarine scenery, grottoes, and rude arches, cliffs, and rocks, where the tangled seaweeds flourish, and on which wave the most slender and delicate zoophytes. In the foreground a noble Sea Anemone attracts our immediate gaze. It reminds us of the head of Medusa, with its tresses of convoluted snakes; they are wreathing and twisting in all directions; ever in motion, till, from some cause which alarms, they are retracted internally and closed up; the animal then appearing like a little rounded hillock, as seen in the background figure to the left. To the right of this, another expanded Anemone presents itself, with shorter arms than the first, thus rendering the disc and central mouth more distinctly apparent. Its stem dilates broadly at the base, as does that of the opposite species the White Sea Anemone, with its broad marginal lobes around the disc, each plumose with myriads of minute slender tentacles. It is an exquisite flower! who can behold it without admiration? From the centre of the background rises up a tall, massive, furrowed stem—from four to six inches high, and of proportionate circumference, crowned, palm-like, with a tuft of multitudinous tentacles, reminding us of some grotesque vegetable production of the river-banks of Australia. This Anemone is sometimes orange-coloured, with crimson markings, sometimes paler, sometimes white, and sometimes of a dusky olive. When contracted, it assumes the form of a large semi-globular mass, and might then, amidst the rest, pass unnoticed; but, when fully developed and expanded, it overtops them all—one of the Anakim in the group under contemplation. And, while contemplating such a group, may we not exclaim, "How wonderful are Thy works! In wisdom hast Thou made them all!"

W. C. L. M.



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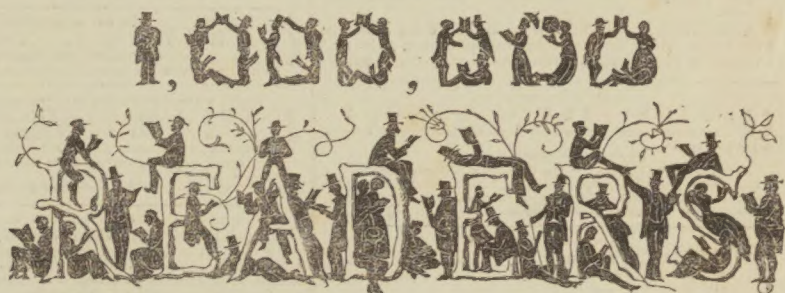
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